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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

VIRGINIA AND DISUNION.

From The Richmond Enquirer.

WE do say that if the Gulf States shall be induced to secede from the Union, for the sole purpose of reopening the African slave trade, Virginia may well hesitate before entering into a Southern Confederation under such a condition. The suppression of that infamous traffic is *a part of the governmental policy to which the people of Virginia have consistently adhered since the formation of the Union.* When Mr. John Y. Mason, our present able representative at the Court of France, placed his name, together with the names of James Buchanan and Pierre Soule, to the solemn protest against the slave trade, he gave a faithful exposition of Virginia sentiment. It was the act of a true Virginia statesman, not less than of an astute diplomatist acting in the name of the whole Confederation.

If, then, a renunciation of policy and principle is to be made the condition of a Southern Confederation, we repeat that we *may well hesitate before we give sanction to a revolution of our domestic institutions;* and, on the other hand, if the Northern States of the Union should offer, not "Black Republican Confederation," but terms of confederation on the basis of State equality, guaranteeing to us the independent control of our own institutions, and thus enabling us to preserve intact the institution of slavery, as it now exists in our midst—such an offer, made in good faith, would undoubtedly be entitled to a mature and deliberate consideration; *and would be accepted or rejected purely for the sake of the best interests of Virginia, and without reference to sectional prejudices.*

This indisputable view of the matter we found it necessary to express, in order to administer a fitting rebuke to a few individuals in the South, who affect to regard Virginia *as a mere colonial dependency of "King Cotton,"* and the people of Virginia as bound soul and body in obedience to any line of conduct which may be dictated by our more Southern associates, however destructive such a course may be to our interests, or however repugnant to our long cherished sentiments. We are happy to see that our neighbor, *The South*, has, at length, found occasion to turn its own batteries against the insufferable arrogance of this supercilious clique.

The alternate coaxing, gasconading and open abuse to which Virginia and Virginians are subjected by these gentlemen evidently arises from a petty jealousy. They are impatient of the great leading part which Virginia plays in national politics. A stern adherence to the doctrines of State Rights and State equality, an ardent devotion to the Union, a large territory, a central position, the equal encouragement extended to free labor and slave labor, a general sentiment which vindicates the dignity of labor, and a succession of great statesmen such as no other age nor country has ever produced, have given to Virginia a political preponderance far outstripping the relative extent of her population, but legitimately exercised by virtue of moral health and intellectual greatness.

North and South, the men whose heads and hearts enabled them to play a great part in the history of the Republic offer a willing homage to the example and influence of Virginia. But

"Folly loves the martyrdom of fame."

And from the hour which gave birth to the Confederation,

"The foe, the fool, the jealous and the vain"

have been constantly occupied in unavailing efforts to derogate from the glory of the Old Dominion.

By precedent and position, the course of this Commonwealth is definitely mapped out. She will adhere to the Union with unfaltering loyalty. The bond of affection which binds her to the South binds her also to the North. In the reciprocity of common benefits and social connections, she owes a duty alike to Pennsylvania and Louisiana. Neither the similarity of domestic institutions nor the community of revolutionary memories, on the one part or on the other, will be allowed to impair this bond of equal brotherhood. Whenever an irreparable wrong shall sever this bond, a just resentment against the wrongdoer, a heartfelt sympathy with the injured party, and a due regard to her own great moral and material interests, will determine the ultimate course of Virginia. Whatever new connection she may then form, by virtue of her position as an independent State, no party and no section can rightfully tax her with the "betrayal of a common cause." *She has never assumed the position of a sectional partisan.* When she makes common cause with the North or with the South, it is purely for the sake of justice and equality, and the cause is always ended whenever these ends are attained.

This is a fair expression of the sentiment of the people of Virginia.

From The South.

A paragraph in the *Enquirer*, to the effect that, in the event of a dissolution of the Union, Virginia might pause to consider with which section to unite her fortunes, has been made the pretext of some very unjust imputations on the popular feeling of the State. We speak the sentiment of an overwhelming majority of the citizens of this Commonwealth when we affirm that Virginia would not hesitate a moment in such an emergency. She is attached to the South as well by a bond of affection as by an identity of interest, and under no circumstances will she betray the common cause. If necessity should ever separate her from the South, she would stand alone rather than join a Black Republican Confederacy.

We make this statement to silence the suspicious suggestions of a few individuals in the South who avail themselves of every opportunity to impeach the fidelity of Virginia.

We have only seen extracts from the articles in the *Enquirer* which provoked these attacks upon the State. Very likely the force of a single sentence is modified by some qualification in the context. At any rate, if our cotemporary has ventured the opinion attributed to it, we are sure it does not represent the sentiment of the Virginia people.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

From The Syracuse Courier.

Several prominent citizens of New York are soon to be exposed as "freight agents" on the Underground Railroad. Perhaps it may leak out that some of the "conductors" reside in this city.—*Washington Union.*

THIS announcement of the Washington *Union* should appear under the head of "Important if true." We are at a loss to conceive how it has been possible, thus far, for the U. S. authorities in this vicinity, or those civil magistrates of the State of New York who have taken up the oath to support the Constitution of the State of New York, and to discharge the duties of their respective offices to the best of their ability, to ignore the flagrant outrages upon the Constitution and Laws of the United States which are not only perpetrated, but publicly applauded by prominent citizens of Syracuse.

The so-called "Agent of the Underground Railroad" not only stalks through our streets in open noon-day, but publicly drives along his wagon-loads of deluded "fugitives," and boastingly appropriates the funds placed at his disposal to pay their way to Canada. At this season of the year, it is not unusual to see three or four a day passed along in this way to the realms of her Britannic Majesty.

A few days ago, we found in the columns of an English newspaper the regular proceedings of an organized association for the purpose of raising and forwarding funds for the American Anti-Slavery Society at Boston. Whether our government can really interfere with the operations of this meddlesome and impertinent organization we do not know; but we really think that if we are the imbecile and helpless people that such an organization presumes us to be, we had better realize the fact at once. For our part, we believe that the United States have enough vitality and energy to repel this insidious and insulting interference with their institutions, and that there is not a State in the Union (except Massachusetts) so deficient in patriotism as to suffer under the workings of this "malignant philanthropy" for a single day.

We rejoice, therefore, to see the announcement in the Washington *Union* that some of the prominent citizens of New York are to be shown up in their connection with the Underground Railroad. It is about time that this open defiance of our laws should be signally and effectually rebuked. It is about time the City Hall of Syracuse should cease to be prostituted to the orgies and "donation visits" of the Rev. Mr. Loguen and his confederates, and that the swindling and treason of those operators, "conductors" and local agents should be shown up, for the benefit of their dupes and for the benefit of society.

SENTENCE OF WILLIAM B. BAYLIS.

[The following is the sentence pronounced upon Mr. Baylis at Petersburg, Va., for assisting slaves to run away from bondage.]

WILLIAM B. BAYLIS—I have caused you to be brought into this court, this morning, for the purpose of hearing and receiving that judgment which the law has provided for the offence of which you have been found guilty. I need not tell you that the crime of which you have been convicted is one which strikes at the security and peace of our whole slave population; and which, from its extent, and the covert manner in which it has been carried on by vessels trading to our ports, has compelled the Legislature to pass laws upon the subject, of the most stringent and rigid character. Yet, in the face of these laws, and with a full knowledge of all the consequences of their breach, you have had the rashness and folly to violate them. We have nevertheless given you a fair trial, and you have been convicted not only by the proof in the case, but by your own confession, both in and out of court; and there is too much reason to fear that this is not your first offence, as the interior construction of your vessel would seem to indicate that it had been built for that purpose. The people of our State can respect the opinions of our own Quaker friends, and the virtuous and patriotic men of the non-slaveholding States, who are conscientiously opposed to slavery, and who, quietly entertaining these opinions, seek not to interfere with the rights of their neighbors. But they will not tolerate the insidious acts of wicked and bad men, who, coming amongst us under the pretence of commerce or social intercourse, undertake to disturb the peace and security of our slave property; still less will they tolerate the wicked acts of those who, from the low and sordid purpose of gain, seduce our slaves and entice them to run off, under the delusive promise of bettering their condition. It is your misfortune to have been guilty of this crime, and to have been detected in the act itself. I trust, therefore, that the heavy punishment which awaits you may deter others from the commission of a similar offence.

A HUMBUG RECEIVED WITH CONTEMPT.—Connelly, lately convicted of harboring fugitives from labor, and very leniently treated for his crime, has been lecturing upon the Underground Railroad, in Cincinnati. His lecture was very thinly attended. There were about a hundred and fifty present, mostly niggers. It is to the credit of the people of Cincinnati that this miserable catch-penny humbug failed in his attempt to get an audience and their quarters. A short time ago his ambition was to be a spy for the police, a stool-pigeon, or journeyman Jonathan Wild. If he will get on the Underground Railroad and go off on it, he will do the State some service.—*Ohio Statesman.*

Selections.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

From The Atlantic Monthly.

THERE was no apologue more popular in the Middle Ages than that of the hermit, who, musing on the wickedness and tyranny of those whom the inscrutable wisdom of Providence had intrusted with the government of the world, fell asleep and awoke to find himself the very monarch whose abject life and capricious violence had furnished the subject of his moralizing. Endowed with irresponsible power, tempted by passions whose existence in himself he had never suspected, and betrayed by the political necessities of his position, he became gradually guilty of all the crimes and the luxury which had seemed so hideous to him in his hermitage over a dish of watercresses.

The American Tract Society from small beginnings has risen to be the dispenser of a yearly revenue of nearly half a million. It has become a great establishment, with a traditional policy, with the distrust of change and the dislike of disturbing questions (especially of such as would lessen its revenues) natural to great establishments. It had been poor and weak; it has become rich and powerful. The hermit has become king.

If the pious men who founded the American Tract Society had been told that within forty years they would be watchful of their publications, lest, by inadvertence, anything disrespectful might be spoken of the African slave trade—that they would consider it an ample equivalent for compulsory dumbness on the vices of slavery that their colporteurs could awaken the minds of Southern brethren to the horrors of St. Bartholomew—that they would hold their peace about the body of Cuffee dancing to the music of the cart-whip, provided only they could save the soul of Sambo alive by presenting him a pamphlet, which he could not read, on the depravity of the double-shuffle—that they would consent to be fellow-members in the Tract Society with him who sold their fellow-members in Christ on the auction-block, if he agreed with them in condemning Transubstantiation (and it would not be difficult for a gentleman who ignored the real presence of God in his brother man to deny it in the sacramental wafer)—if those excellent men had been told this, they would have shrunk in horror, and exclaimed, "Are thy servants dogs, that they should do these things?"

Yet this is precisely the present position of the Society.

There are two ways of evading the responsibility of such inconsistency. The first is by an appeal to the Society's Constitution, and by claiming to interpret it strictly in accordance with the rules of law as applied to contracts, whether between individuals or States. The second is by denying that slavery is opposed to the genius of Christianity, and that any moral wrongs are the necessary results of it. We will not be so unjust to the Society as to suppose that any of its members would rely on this latter plea, and shall therefore confine ourselves to a brief consideration of the other.

In order that the same rules of interpretation should be considered applicable to the Constitution of the Society and to that of the United States, we must attribute to the former a solemnity and importance which involve a palpable absurdity. To claim for it the verbal accuracy and the legal wariness of a mere contract is equally at war with common sense and the facts of the case; and even were it not so, the party to a bond who should attempt to escape its ethical obligation by a legal quibble of construction would be put in coventry by all honest men. In point of fact, the Constitution was simply the minutes of an agreement among certain gentlemen, to define the limits within which they would accept trust-funds, and the objects for which they should expend them.

But if we accept the alternative offered by the advocates of strict construction, we shall not find that their case is strengthened. Claiming that where the meaning of an instrument is doubtful, it should be interpreted according to the contemporary understanding of its framers, they argue that it would be absurd to suppose that gentlemen from the Southern States would have united to form a society that included in its objects any discussion of the moral duties arising from the institution of slavery. Admitting the first part of their proposition, we deny the conclusion they seek to draw from it. They are guilty of a glaring anachronism in assuming the same opinions and prejudices to have existed in 1825 which are undoubtedly influential in 1858. The anti-slavery agitation did not begin until 1831, and the debates in the Virginia Convention prove conclusively that six years after the foundation of the Tract Society, the leading men in that State, men whose minds had been trained and whose characters had been tempered in that school of action and experience which was open to all during the heroic period of our history, had not yet suffered such distortion of the intellect through passion, and such deadening of the conscience through interest, as would have prevented their discussing either the moral or the political aspects of slavery, and precluded them from uniting in any effort to make the relation between master and slave less demoralizing to the one and less imbruting to the other.

Again, it is claimed that the words of the Constitution are conclusive, and that the declaration that the publications of the Society shall be such as are "satisfactory to all Evangelical Christians" forbids by implication the issuing of any tract which could possibly offend the brethren in slave States. The Society, it is argued, can publish only on topics about which all Evangelical Christians are agreed, and must, therefore, avoid everything in which the question of politics is involved. But what are the facts about matters other than slavery? Tracts have been issued and circulated in which Dancing is condemned as sinful; are all Evangelical Christians agreed about this? On the Temperance question; against Catholicism: have these topics never entered into our politics? The simple truth is, that slavery is the only subject about which the Publishing Committee have felt Constitutional scruples. Till this question arose, they were like men in perfect health, never suspecting that they had any constitution at all; but now, like hypochondriacs, they feel it in every pore, at the least breath from the eastward.

If a strict construction of the words "all Evangelical Christians" be insisted on, we are at a loss to see where the Committee could draw the dividing line between what might be offensive and what allowable. The Society publish tracts in which the study of the Scriptures is enforced and their denial to the laity by Romanists assailed. But throughout the South it is criminal to teach a slave to read; throughout the South, no book could be distributed among the servile population more incendiary than the Bible, if they could only read it. Will not our Southern brethren take alarm? The Society is reduced to the dilemma of either denying that the African has a soul to be saved or of consenting to the terrible mockery of assuring him that the way of life is to be found only by searching a book which he is forbidden to open.

If we carry out this doctrine of strict construction to its legitimate results, we shall find that it involves a logical absurdity. What is the number of men whose outraged sensibilities may claim the suppression of a tract? Is the *taboo* of a thousand valid? Of a hundred? Of ten? Or are tracts to be distributed only to those who will find their doctrine agreeable, and are the Society's colporteurs to be instructed that a Temperance essay is the proper thing for a total-abstinent infidel, and a sermon on the Atonement for a distilling deacon? If the aim of the Society be only to convert men from sins they have no mind to, and to convince them of errors to which they have no temptation, they might as well be spending their money to persuade schoolmasters that two and two make four, or mathematicians that there cannot be two obtuse angles in a triangle. If this be their notion of the way in which the gospel is to be preached, we do not wonder that they have found it necessary to print a tract upon the impropriety of sleeping in church.

But the Society are concluded by their own action; for in 1857 they unanimously adopted the following resolution: "That those moral duties which grow out of the existence of slavery, as well as those moral evils and vices which it is known to promote, and which are condemned in Scripture, and so much deplored by Evangelical Christians, undoubtedly do fall within the province of this Society, and can and ought to be discussed in a fraternal and Christian spirit." The Society saw clearly that it was impossible to draw a Mason and Dixon's line in the world of ethics, to divide Duty by a parallel of latitude. The only line which Christ drew is that which parts the sheep from the goats, that great horizon-line of the moral nature of man which is the boundary between light and darkness. The Society, by yielding (as they have done in 1858) to what are pleasantly called the "objections" of the South (objections of so forcible a nature that we are told the colporteurs were "forced to flee"), virtually exclude the black man, if born to the southward of a certain arbitrary line, from the operation of God's providence, and thereby do as great a wrong to the Creator as the Episcopal Church did to the artist when they published Ary Scheffer's *Christus Consolator* with the figure of the slave left out.

The Society is not asked to disseminate anti slavery doctrines, but simply to be even-handed between master and slave, and, since they have recommended Sambo and Toney to be obedient to Mr. Legree, to remind him in turn that he also has duties toward the bodies and souls of his bondmen. But we are told that the time has not yet arrived, that at present the ears of our Southern brethren are closed against all appeals, that God in his good time will turn their hearts, and that then, and not till then, will be the fitting occasion to do something in the premises. But if the Society is to await this golden opportunity with such exemplary patience in one case, why not in all? If it is to decline any attempt at converting the sinner till after God has converted him, will there be any special necessity for a tract society at all? Will it not be a little presumptuous, as well as superfluous, to undertake the doing over again of what He has already done? We fear that the studies of Blackstone, upon which the gentlemen who argue thus have entered in order to fit themselves for the legal and constitutional argument of the question, have confused their minds, and that they are misled by some fancied analogy between a tract and an action of trover, and conceive that the one, like the other, cannot be employed till after an actual conversion has taken place.

The resolutions reported by the Special Committee at the annual meeting of 1857, drawn up with great caution and with a sincere desire to make whole the breach in the Society, have had the usual fate of all attempts to reconcile incompatibilities by compromise. They express confidence in the Publishing Committee, and at the same time impliedly condemn them by recommending them to do precisely what they had all scrupulously avoided doing. The result was just what might have been expected. Both parties among the Northern members of the Society, those who approved the former action of the Publishing Committee, and those who approved the new policy recommended in the resolutions, those who favored silence and those who favored speech on the subject of slavery, claimed the victory, while the Southern brethren, as usual, refused to be satisfied with anything short of unconditional submission. The word Compromise, as far as slavery is concerned, has always been of fatal augury. The concessions of the South have been like the "With all my worldly goods I thee endow" of a bankrupt bridegroom, who thereby generously bestows all his debts upon his wife, and as a small return for his magnanimity consents to accept all her personal and a life estate in all her real property. The South is willing that the Tract Society should expend its money to convince the slave that he has a soul to be saved so far as he is obedient to his master, but not to persuade the master that he has a soul to undergo a very different process so far as he is unmerciful to his slave.

We Americans are very fond of this glue of compromise. Like so many quack cements, it is advertised to make the mended parts of the vessel stronger than those which have never been broken, but, like them, it will not stand hot water—and as the question of slavery is sure to plunge all who approach it, even with the best intentions, into that fatal element, the patched-up brotherhood, which but yesterday was warranted to be better than new, falls once more into a heap of incoherent fragments. The last trial of the virtues of the Patent Redintegrator by the Special Committee of the Tract Society has ended like all the rest, and as all attempts to buy peace at too dear a rate must end. Peace is an excellent thing, but principle and pluck are better; and the man who sacrifices them to gain it finds at last that he has crouched under the Caudine yoke to purchase only a contemptuous toleration that leaves him at war with his own self-respect and the invincible forces of his higher nature.

But the peace which Christ promised to his followers was not of this world; the good gift he brought them was not peace, but a sword. It was no sword of territorial conquest, but that flaming blade of conscience and self-conviction which lightened between our first parents and their lost Eden—that sword of the Spirit that searcheth all things—which severs one by one the ties of passion, of interest, of self-pride, that binds the soul to earth—whose implacable edge may divide a man from family, from friends, from whatever is nearest and dearest—and which hovers before him like the air-drawn dagger of Macbeth, beckoning him, not to crime, but to the legitimate royalties of self-denial and self-sacrifice, to the freedom which is won only by surrender of the will. Christianity has never been concession, never peace; it is continual aggression; one province of wrong conquered, its pioneers are already in the heart of another. The mile-stones of its onward march down the ages have not been monuments of material power, but the blackened stakes of martyrs, trophies of individual fidelity to conviction. For it is the only religion which is superior to all endowment, to all authority—which has a bishopric and a cathedral wherever a single human soul has surrendered itself to God. That very spirit of doubt, inquiry and fanaticism for private judgment, with which Romanists reproach Protestantism, is its stamp and token of authenticity—the seal of Christ, and not of the Fisherman.

We do not wonder at the division which has taken place in the Tract Society, nor do we regret it. The ideal life of a Christian is possible to very few, but we naturally look for a nearer approach to it in those who associate together to disseminate the doctrines which they believe to be its formative essentials, and there is nothing which the enemies of religion seize on so gladly as any inconsistency between the conduct and the professions of such persons. Though utterly indifferent to the wrongs of the slave, the scoffer would not fail to remark upon the hollowness of a Christianity which was horror-stricken at a dance or a Sunday-drive, while it was blandly silent about the separation of families, the putting asunder whom God had joined, the selling Christian girls for Christian harems, and the thousand horrors of a system which can lessen the agonies it inflicts only by debasing the minds and souls of the race on whom it inflicts them. Is your Christianity, then, he would say, a respecter of persons, and does it condone the sin because the sinner can contribute to your coffers? Was there ever a Simony like this—that does not sell, but withholds, the gift of God for a price?

The world naturally holds the Society to a stricter accountability than it would insist upon in ordinary cases. Were they only a club of gentlemen associated for their own amusement, it would be very natural and proper that they should exclude all questions which would introduce controversy, and that, however individually interested in certain reforms, they should not force them upon others who would consider them a bore. But a society of professing Christians, united for the purpose of carrying both the theory and the practice of the New Testament into every household in the land, has voluntarily subjected itself to a graver responsibility, and renounced all title to fall back upon any reserved right of personal comfort or convenience.

We say, then, that we are glad to see this division in the Tract Society—not glad because of the division, but because it has sprung from an earnest effort to relieve the Society of a reproach which was not only impairing its usefulness, but doing an injury to the cause of truth and sincerity everywhere. We have no desire to impugn the motives of those who consider themselves conservative members of the Society; we believe them to be honest in their convictions, or their want of them; but we think they have mistaken notions as to what conservatism is, and that they are wrong in supposing it to consist in refusing to wipe away the film on their spectacle-glasses which prevents their seeing the handwriting on the wall, or in conserving reverently the barnacles on their ship's bottom and dry-rot in its knees. We yield to none of them in reverence for the Past; it is there only that the imagination can find repose and seclusion; there dwells that silent majority whose experience guides our action and whose wisdom shapes our thought in spite of ourselves; but it is not length of days that can make evil reverend, nor persistence in inconsistency that can give it the power or the claim of orderly precedent. Wrong, though its title-deeds go back to the days of Sodom, is by nature a thing of yesterday—while the right, of which we became conscious but an hour ago, is more ancient than the stars, and of the essence of Heaven. If it were proposed to establish slavery to-morrow, should we have more patience with its patriarchal argument than with the parallel claim of Mormonism? That slavery is old is but its greater condemnation; that we have tolerated it so long, the strongest plea for our doing so no longer. There is one institution to which we owe our first allegiance, one that is more sacred and venerable than any other—the soul and conscience of Man.

What claim has slavery to immunity from discussion? We are told that discussion is dangerous. Dangerous to what? Truth invites it, courts the point of the Ithuriel-spear, whose touch can but reveal more clearly the grace and grandeur of her angelic proportions. The advocates of slavery have taken refuge in the last covert of desperate sophism, and affirm that their institution is of Divine ordination, that its bases are laid in the nature of man. Is anything, then, of God's contriving endangered by inquiry? Was it the system of the universe, or the monks, that trembled at the telescope of Galileo? Did the circulation of the firmament stop in terror because Newton laid his daring finger on its pulse? But it is idle to discuss a proposition so monstrous. There is no right of sanctuary for a crime against humanity, and they who drag an unclean thing to the horns of the altar bring it to vengeance and not to safety.

Even granting that slavery were all that its apologists assume it to be, and that the relation of master and slave were of God's appointing, would not its abuses be just the thing which it was the duty of Christian men to protest against, and, as far as might be, to root out? Would our courts feel themselves debarred from interfering to rescue a daughter from a parent who wished to make a merchandise of her purity, or a wife from a husband who was brutal to her, by the plea that parental authority and marriage were of Divine ordinance? Would a police-justice discharge a drunkard who pleaded the patriarchal precedent of Noah? or would he not rather give him another month in the House of Correction for his impudence?

The anti-slavery question is not one which the Tract Society can exclude by triumphant majorites, nor put to shame by a comparison of respectabilities. Mixed though it has been with politics, it is in no sense political, and, springing naturally from the principles of that religion which traces its human pedigree to a manger, and whose first apostles were twelve poor men against the whole world, it can dispense with numbers and earthly respect. The clergyman may ignore it in the pulpit, but it confronts him in his study; the church-member, who has suppressed it in parish-meeting, opens it with the pages of his Testament; the merchant, who has shut it out of his house and his heart, finds it lying in wait for him, a gaunt fugitive, in the hold of his ship; the lawyer, who has declared that it is no concern of his, finds it thrust upon him in the brief of the slave-hunter; the historian, who had cautiously evaded it, stumbles over it at Bunker Hill. And why? Because it is not political, but moral—because it is not local, but national—because it is not a test of party, but of individual honesty and honor. The wrong which we allow our nation to perpetrate we cannot localize if we would; we cannot hem it within the limits of Washington or Kansas; sooner or later, it will force itself into the conscience and sit by the hearthstone of every citizen.

It is not partisanship, it is not fanaticism, that has forced this matter of anti-slavery upon the American people; it is the spirit of Christianity, which appeals from prejudices and predilections to the moral consciousness of the individual man; that spirit elastic as air, penetrative as heat, invulnerable as sunshine, against which creed after creed and institution after institution have measured their strength and been confounded; that restless spirit which refuses to crystallize in any sect or form, but persists, a Divinely commissioned radical and reconstructor, in trying every generation with a new dilemma between ease and interest on the one hand, and duty on the other. Shall it be said that its kingdom is not of this world? In one sense, and that the highest, it certainly is not; but just as certainly Christ never intended those words to be used as a subterfuge by which to escape our responsibilities in the life of business and politics. Let the cross, the sword, and the arena answer, whether the world, that then was, so understood its first preachers and apostles. Cæsar and Flamen both instinctively dreaded it, not because it aimed at riches or power, but because it strove to conquer that other world in the moral nature of mankind, where it could establish a throne against which wealth and force would be weak and contemptible. No human device has ever prevailed against it, no array of majorities or respectabilities; but neither Cæsar nor Flamen ever conceived a scheme so cunningly adapted to neutralize its power as that graceful compromise which accepts it with the lip and denies it in the life, which marries it at the altar and divorces it at the church-door.

THE RUMORED CONCESSIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

WITHIN the memory of men now living, the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, the Mediterranean and East Indian seas were infested by pirates. Ships that visited them had to go armed or under convoy, and even with such precautions did not always escape the depredations of these roving Ishmaelites of the sea. To England, more than to all the other nations of the world together, do we owe it that these waters are now as safe as the harbors of New York or Liverpool. Her navy, sustained at a vast expense, has swept the ocean, and pirates, such as used to be the terror of the merchant sailor, are now only to be found in Ingraham's romances and at the Bowery Theatre.

While in the full fruition of this admirable police, which has cost us nothing, and by which we profit to the amount of millions annually, our government, instead of signalizing its recent accession to the rank of a first-rate power in the world by accepting a share of England's self-imposed burden, has set itself resolutely to work to defeat her efforts, and to cover one whole class of these natural enemies of the human race with the protection of the American flag. Ours was the first among the powers of the earth to declare the slave trade piracy, and to invoke the wrath of all nations upon those who engaged in it. Mr. Buchanan now insists that our flag shall protect this trade, and threatens the peace of the world if England persists in visiting suspicious-looking vessels to ascertain whether they have any national character. To revive and encourage the slave trade is his view of the mission of the great American Republic.

England has no other interest than is felt by every other maritime power, to suppress piracy, and the commerce of the whole world profits by the admirable police which she has established and supported. The primary condition of her usefulness in this capacity is that she be permitted to test the nationality of suspicious-looking vessels. The flag alone is not conclusive evidence, for there is no means of preventing its abuse. The power, therefore, to go beyond the flag and inspect the papers of a suspected vessel attaches to every naval power just as naturally as the right of self-defence; it is always to be exercised, however, discreetly, and with due responsibility for any damage that may be sustained by innocent parties. To deny this power is to place piracy under the protection of our government, and set an example which, if adopted by other nations, must result in multiplying the perils and insecurities of the high seas indefinitely.

Two of our contemporaries, *The Times* and *The Herald*, both of whom seem to sympathize with the President in his barbarous endeavor, have been making themselves merry over the concessions made by the English press to American sensitiveness on the subject of the right of visit, and have been disposed to regard it as a capital joke that this journal insisted upon the right of visit which the English government itself has abandoned. It may be that the English Government has made such concessions to Mr. Cass as Irish Government has made such concessions to Mr. Cass as to be attributed to it by the presses to which we refer; it may be that Lord Napier has directed the West Indian fleet to cease its visits to suspected slavers; but if such be the case, England has ceased to be England; and we have yet to read the first intimation from any responsible English statesman in proof of it. She has over and over asserted her determination to inspect vessels on the high seas, if she had reason to believe they were carrying on a piratical commerce; it is a right which we do not believe the English government, anxiously as it desires peace, will surrender, except for some plan to be agreed upon by the two governments, of equal or greater efficiency. If it does, it will be as dishonorable to the government of England as the provocation for making it is dishonorable to ours.—*Evening Post.*

JUDGE TANEY IN FORMER TIMES.

IN the month of August, 1818, there was a camp-meeting held by the ministers and laity of the Methodist Episcopal Church, on the plantation of Col. Jonas Hagmire, of Washington County, in the State of Maryland. On the Sabbath or Sunday evening of the meeting it fell to the lot of the Presiding Elder of the district—the Rev. Jacob Gruber—to fill the pulpit. There were from 3,000 to 5,000 whites and about 300 to 500 blacks present—most of the latter being, of course, slaves.

Mr. Gruber took his text from the Book of Proverbs: "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." After having shown what kind of righteousness exalts a nation or person, and how sin is a reproach to individuals, he came to what are called national sins, among which he classed Slavery and Oppression. His language, as reported by himself, in this part of his discourse, is worthy of being repeated even at this late day of the Republic:

"This, in particular," says he, "is a reproach to our nation. We pity other nations who are under the yoke of emperors and kings who tyrannize over and make slaves of their subjects. We are happily delivered from such bondage; we live in a free country; we hold self-evident truths, that all men are created equal, and have inalienable rights, such as life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. But are there no slaves in our country? Do not sweat and blood and tears say there are? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth. Is it not a reproach to a man to hold articles of liberty and independence in one hand, and a bloody whip in the other, while a negro stands and trembles before him, with his back cut and bleeding?

"There is a laudable zeal manifested in our country to form Bible and Missionary Societies, to send the Scriptures and the Gospel to heathen nations. Would it not be well for some to be consistent? Instruct the heathen at home in their kitchens, and let them hear the Gospel likewise. What would heathen nations at a distance think if they were told that persons who gave money liberally to send them the Bible and the Gospel did not read, believe or obey it themselves, nor teach their own families to read that book, nor allow them time to hear the Gospel of their salvation preached?

"There is some difference even in this country. We Pennsylvanians think it strange and it seems curious to read the public priuts or papers from some States, and find: *For Sale—A plantation, a house and lot, horses, cows, sheep and hogs; also, a number of negroes, men, women and children, some very valuable ones; also, a pew in such and such a church. For Sale for Life—A likely young negro, who is an excellent waiter, sold for no fault—or else for want of employment.* Look further and see. *Fifty Dollars Reward—One Hundred Dollars Reward—Two Hundred Dollars Reward.* What for? Has an apprentice run away from his master? No; perhaps a reward for him would be six cents. A man that ran off has probably gone to see his wife, or child, or relations, who have been sold and torn from him, or to enjoy the blessings of a free country and to get clear of tyranny. In this inhuman traffic and cruel trade the most tender ties are torn asunder, the nearest connections broken. 'That which God has joined together, let not man put asunder.' This solemn injunction is not regarded. God will be avenged on such a nation as this.

"But some say, We use our slaves well—better than they could use themselves if they were free. Granted. But what assurance have you, or what security have they, that your children, or those you will them to, will use them as you do? May they not tyrannize over them after you are dead and gone, and may they not (the slaves thus abused) rise up and kill your children, their oppressors, and be hung for it, and all go to destruction together? The Lord have mercy on their souls! Such alarming and dreadful consequences may attend and follow this reproachful sin on our land and nation.

"'Is there not some chosen curse,
Some secret thunder in the stores of Heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the wretch
That traffics in the blood of souls,
Or makes his fortune from the blood of souls?'"

Now turning to the negroes, who, at camp-meetings in the slave States, sit in the rear of the preachers' stand, Mr. Gruber, according to his own account, continued:

"Of all people in the world you ought to have religion. You have most need of it, in order to enjoy some happiness or peace. Sin is a reproach to you. There is no peace to the wicked. Some of you have good masters; you ought to attend to regular duties; never be absent from family prayer, when it is in your power to attend; discharge your duty, and it may make your situation more agreeable, even here, and certainly hereafter. Some of you have cruel masters, are slaves to them, slaves to sin, and slaves to the devil, and if you die without religion, you will be slaves to hell forever—miserable, wretched, poor and lost to all eternity. But if you repent and get converted, be made free from sin, serve the Lord faithfully unto death (however hard your situation may be in this world), your sufferings will soon be over, and you may have crowns and kingdoms in glory, where the wicked cease from troubling, where every tear is dry,

'And not a wave of trouble roll
Across your peaceful breast':

be happy in heaven forever, while wicked masters are turned into hell and damned forever!"

On the day after this extraordinary sermon, Dr. Frederick Dorsey, Dr. William Hammond and David G. Yost, prominent citizens of Washington County, went before two Justices of the Peace, Christopher Burckhardt and Jacob Schnebly, and made oath that Mr. Gruber did feloniously consult, conspire and attempt with certain free negroes, multtattoes and slaves, unknown to the affiants, to raise an insurrection and rebellion in the State of Maryland, contrary to the act of Assembly in such case made and provided, whereupon a warrant for his arrest was made out, and served upon him two months thereafter, on the occasion of his return to the county in the discharge of his duties. He gave bail to appear at the County Court held in Hagerstown on the 3d Monday of the following month. In due time a true bill was found indicting him for intending and endeavoring to stir up, provoke, instigate and incite certain negro slaves to commit mutiny and rebellion against their respective masters and lawful owners, and to break the peace of the State, &c., &c. As great pains had been taken to inflame the public mind against him in Washington County, the cause was changed to Frederick County Court, at the instance of his counsel, to be tried at the March Term, 1819.

The case having come on, Mr. Anderson, the Attorney for the State, reminded the Jury that liberty of opinion and speech was the privilege of every citizen; that if Mr. Gruber had no criminal intent in his sermon, he had committed no offence, and that it was their province to judge of this question. What an honorable example for prosecutors under slave slave laws now-a-days to follow!

Counsel for the accused, Mr. TANEY, now Chief Justice of the United States, Mr. Pigman and Mr. Martin, the latter a Methodist preacher.

The evidence on behalf of the State, as well as that on the part of Mr. Gruber, substantially sustained the preacher's report of his own sermon. Not a particle of proof was adduced to show a criminal intent, while all the testimony in his behalf went to establish its utter absence. The State's Attorney did not even argue the case, but told the Jury that "he never could consent, contrary to his conscience and the best light of his own judgment, to use any effort to convict any man of an offence charged against him, when he thought, from the evidence, that there was no crime committed."

Mr. Martin, Mr. Pigman and Mr. Taney, however, each addressed the jury, when they retired for a few moments, and returned with a verdict of NOT GUILTY. The speeches of Messrs. Martin and Pigman have been preserved, but Mr. Taney's closing address was never written out, owing, it appears, to ill health.

We have, however, his opening speech to the jury on the part of Mr. Gruber, and, as frequent reference has been made to it since the Dred Scott decision, we propose to give such parts of it entire as will throw light upon his early opinions on the slavery question.

The prosecution, said Mr. Taney, was without precedent in the judicial annals of Maryland. The right of conscience and the freedom of speech were fully protected by the liberal and happy institutions of the State. No man can be prosecuted for preaching the articles of his religious creed, unless his doctrine is immoral, and calculated to disturb the peace and order of society. Subjects of national policy may at all times be freely and fully discussed, in the pulpit or elsewhere, without limitation or restraint. If Mr. Gruber's doctrines be not immoral, if they be not calculated to disturb the peace and good order of society, he had an undoubted right to preach them in such language as seemed proper to him The feelings or the fears of his hearers could not take this right from him. But he was accused of preaching immoral and dangerous doctrine. He is charged with an attempt to excite insubordination and insurrection among the slaves, and the intention of the preacher is the essence of the crime; and though his language or doctrines might help to show his intention, they cannot constitute the offence. It was necessary, in order to support the prosecution, to prove the intention.

But though Mr. Gruber's language (continued Mr. Taney) was evidence of his intention, it was not conclusive. It may be rebutted by other testimony equally strong. He has a right to refer to the general scope of his sermon, to the occasion on which it was preached, to the character of the audience, to the opinions of the Church to which he belongs, and to the history of his own life, as proofs of his innocence.

Mr. Gruber had been a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church for twenty years, and had borne a spotless character. One of the objects of his Church was the gradual and peaceable abolition of slavery in the United States, and its preachers were accustomed in their sermons to speak of the injustice and oppression of slavery. If any slaveholder deemed it dangerous to suffer his slaves to learn that all slavery is unjust and oppressive, or could persuade himself that they would not of themselves be able to make the discovery, he could keep them from going where such doctrines were likely to be preached.

Mr. Gruber's address was directed particularly to the masters. It sought to reform their hearts. It may be said to have been injudicious, impolitic, dangerous, likely to produce insubordination among the slaves; but if his motives were pure, if he was innocent of any design to produce this

thy for the unfortunate and oppressed are among the highest virtues—can any one inform us why it is that the least expression of sympathy for the crushed slave is held up as a reproach? a political and social crime? From what source have the people of Delaware learned this? Unless steps are taken to prevent it, in the course of a few years a thousand or two children will be born, in the State of Delaware, slaves, liable to be bought, sold and subjected to all the degradation of the most abject slavery. We have shown, and shall continue to show, that duty and interest imperatively command us to take steps to prevent it, and we are called a "*negro sympathizer*," and are, of course, expected to hang our heads under the dreadful appellation. Now, on the contrary, we stand ready to look our accuser in the face, and say to him that we do entertain a sincere, deep, heartfelt, burning sympathy for this oppressed people; and if it is a crime, we desire to live criminals, die criminals and receive a criminal's reward.—*Milford (Del) News.*

SLAVE-TRADE TREATIES.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Times.

WASHINGTON, June 22, 1858.

I HAVE rarely read a more interesting document than the Message of the President, under the date of 21st April, to the Senate, communicating the correspondence between the American and British Governments, on the African slave trade. The public was first apprised, through the correspondence of *The Times*, that, after the receipt of many communications on the subject from her Majesty's Government, Gen. Cass had made a general and comprehensive reply, fully setting forth the views of this Government. The correspondence was, in due time, called for by the Senate, and now appears in pamphlet.

The first paper shows "the ruling passion strong in death." It is a note of three lines from Mr. Crampton, dated May 24, 1856, furnishing, for the information of the State Department, memoranda from the British Commissioners at Loando, West Coast of Africa, as to the mode in which the slave trade was carried on in the year 1855. Three days after the receipt of this letter, Mr. Crampton was peremptorily dismissed.

The Commissioners assert that on the 31st of December, 1855, a vessel believed to be American, shipped 500 slaves from a point on the coast of Benguela. They proceed: One Lucas, a notorious slave-dealer, driven off in 1853, had lately reappeared; had offered 50 or 60 "milreas" per head for slaves.

AUG. 2, 1857.—Lord Napier informed Gen. Cass of the cases of the brigantines Adams Gray and W. D. Miller, of New Orleans. It appeared from the report of the British Consul at Lagos that, about the 1st of February, 1857, the Adams Gray was captured by the British steamer Prometheus, with all the usual equipments of a slave cargo, and with $20 500 in specie. She threw overboard her Spanish-American papers, and, having no evidence of nationality, was condemned.

The Captain of the W. D. Miller was more audacious and astute. He kept his American papers, sailed boldly through a fleet of British merchantmen in Lagos Roads, was pursued, showed his American papers, and avowed that the purpose of his voyage was to ship slaves.

On the 16th of September, 1857, Lord Napier sends to Gen. Cass a resolution of the House of Commons, praying her Majesty to use all practicable means to suppress the slave trade, to which her Majesty graciously responds that she will.

OCT. 19.—Commodore Conover, commanding American squadron on the coast of Africa, writes to Mr. Toucey concerning the capture, by Commodore Wise, in the British steamer Vesuvius, of the brigantine Bremen, wearing American colors. It appears that on the 10th of October, 1857, the Bremen was overhauled by the Vesuvius—that Commodore Wise went on board, saying, in effect, "I do not want to see your papers, which I know are fraudulent, but shall take the vessel, and I now give you the choice of being taken under the American flag or otherwise." The captain said that, if taken as an American, he would be liable to be hanged as a pirate, and threw his flag and papers overboard. This conduct Commodore Conover thought unwarrantable, and he sent to Commodore Wise a protest against it, remarking that this practice of the British commanders sufficiently shows why so many vessels are taken without colors or papers—the reason being, in brief, that the masters are induced to destroy them by the threats and misrepresentations of the British boarding officers.

OCT. 13, 1857.—Edward Gabriel, who appears to be British Consul or agent at Loanda, states that the American vessel Onward had been captured by the steamer Electo without any papers of nationality. The ship or bark Charles, of Boston, was found by the steamer Sappho embarking slaves at Cavrça de Cabra (Copper Head); was chased and ran upon the breakers, by which incident 200 slaves were drowned, 358 rescued, and the captain and crew, with a part of the slaves escaped. The Myrmidon caught an American brig near the same place.

The Consul is grieved to inform the Commodore that slavers, under the American flag, infest the coast in greater numbers than ever before. Among those prowling about for slaves, he names the barks Petrel and Clara B. Williams; the schooners Crimean, Louis McLane and Windward, and the brigs Jamestown and Bremen. A good-sized fleet, it must be admitted, for an illicit and persecuted traffic.

OCT. 19, 1857.—Commodore Conover sends a strongly-expressed protest against the seizure of the Bremen to Rear-Admiral Sir. F. W. Grey. He declares the act in contravention of the treaty of the neutral rights of Americans, and of the right of the American Government to catch and punish offenders against her own laws.

DEC. 24, 1857.—Lord Napier sends a long and important despatch to Gen. Cass, covering the whole subject of the slave trade. He describes eight cases of vessels being taken and condemned as slavers while wearing the American flag. In addition he stated that Portuguese men-of-war had captured the Gen. Pierce and the Splendid—of which the latter was fitted for the reception of a thousand slaves. These ten vessels were all captured during the "earlier months of 1857." Lord Napier then proceeds to give a list of nineteen other American vessels believed to be engaged in the slave trade. Among them are the Spirit of '76, the Putnam, and the James Buchanan. The case of the North Hand was peculiar. She had been chartered for the ostensible purpose of conveying food to the starving inhabitants of the Cape de Verde Islands. The British Minister caustically observed: "In this affair, where benevolence was made subservient to crime, the notorious house of Figaniere, Reis & Co. was busy." Mr. Figaniere is Consul of Portugal in New York. After remarking that the American complement of vessels and guns under the treaty was not at all times kept up, Lord N. concludes with more general moral reflections on the slave trade.

APRIL 13, 1857.—Commissary Judge Crawford, at Havana, writes to the Earl of Clarendon that for many years the expeditions to the Coast of Africa have not been so numerous as now; that he has good reason to know that fifteen vessels had been fitted out for the slave trade in New Orleans within two months.

AUG. 4, 1857.—The British Commissioners at Havana report that the Spanish brig Three Brothers has been altered and rechristened with the American name Eliza, and sent off on a slave voyage. Also, that the American ship Hydra, 499, brigs Windward and Brahman, the schooner Niagara, and the Peruvian ship Architect, were in Havana, preparing for slave voyages. An American named Drinkwater, calling himself a resident of Portland, was the purchaser and outfitter of all these vessels. The Commissioners say the W. D. Miller, the same American brig which, about May 11, 1857, was boarded by British officers near Loando, showed American papers, and declared the object of their voyage was the slave trade. This same vessel landed near Sierra Morena, in Cuba, 415 Bozals, and was then burnt. Ten days before this occurrence 600 were landed at Vertientes.

FEB. 2, 1857.—Mr. Gabriel writes from Loanda to the Earl of Clarendon that

"The whole, or nearly the whole, of the slave trade at present carried on at this part of the Coast is for the supply of Cuba, and pursued under the American flag."

The same authority says: "Only three vessels were captured on the coast south of the Equator in 1856." One of these was the General Pierce, which was seized on her third voyage for slaves. As the chief haunt of the slavers is the mouth of the Congo, he suggests that an American vessel of war be immediately stationed off that coast.

JULY 6, 1857.—The British Consul at Lagos writes Lord Clarendon that all the slave vessels then arriving on the coast were covered by the flag of the United States.

OCT. 10, 1857.—A letter of this date, probably from a private seaman on board the Cumberland, gives a humorous and contemptuous account of the boarding of the slaver Cortes in the River Gambia. The proofs of her being a slaver were about as clear as the water in the sea; but she was not molested, though visited by boats from the Cumberland. This Cortes is the same vessel whose capture, one day out of Havana, and condemnation at Jamaica last April, caused the commencement of the excitement relative to British aggressions.

JAN. 7, 1858.—Lord Napier furnishes to Gen. Cass the particulars of the destruction of the bark Charles of Baltimore, on September 19. Lord N. estimates the number of slaves on board this vessel at 1,200, "of whom only 358 could be saved." This is the same vessel so often spoken of in correspondence.

JAN. 15, 1858.—Lord Napier, to Gen. Cass, states that the Charles cleared at New Orleans with a manifest that might have awakened the suspicions of the Federal authorities and justified the detention of the ship. In the same letter he describes several captures of American slavers by the Queen's ships, and the escape of the James Buchanan with 300 slaves, though chased by the Teazer, with steam and sails, for 140 miles. Old Buck was always good at foiling the British.

AUG. 12, 1857.—Capt. Burgess, of the Hecate, writes that a new company for slave-trading had been formed at Havana, called the "Expedition for Africa," shares $1,000, which are posted on the Exchange.

MARCH 8.—Gen. Cass writes to Collector Hatch of New Orleans, stating that Lord Napier had imputed blame to the officers of the Custom-House at that place for allowing the Charles to be cleared.

MARCH 18.—The Collector replies that the Charles was cleared before he assumed office, but that the schooner Louis M. Lane was cleared, notwithstanding his opposition, in the face of undoubted evidence that she was to be engaged in the slave trade. She was arrested, and the case was tried in the Circuit Court of the United States. The proceedings were a naked and expensive farce, and the vessel sailed to Africa and was captured.

APRIL 10, 1858.—Having collected all this information, and putting himself upon the pinnacle of this accumulated correspondence, Gen. Cass comes down upon Lord Napier and the public with fourteen pages of imperial octavo, not traversing any fact stated by Lord Napier, but presenting in a rambling desultory manner the views of this Government on the African slave trade, and all the questions connected with it. I will not criticise this document further than to say that it is one of which the Government ought to be ashamed. It admits the flagitious character of the slave trade, but petulantly and querulously objects to any and all the measures which are, or have been, proposed to suppress it.

In truth, Gen. Cass does much worse than this, because, after expressing the hope or the wish that the trade were rooted out, he proceeds to notice with real pleasure, and with unsuppressed exultation, that it was not to be suppressed at all, because of the renewal of the business in the disguised form of the emigration system.

FEB. 19, 1858.—Minister Mason writes to Gen. Cass an important letter on the French scheme, in which he makes the statement that Count Walewski told him (Mr. Mason) that the "British Government would not object to the French scheme while the wants of the British colonies were being supplied by the Coolie trade."

Judge Mason then goes off into a page or two of temperate and dignified condemnation of French and British fanaticism, relative to slavery, which he supposes will find in this new measure of the Imperial Government a rebuke which it will deeply feel.

THE SLAVE TRADE—THE RIGHT OF SEARCH.

THE QUESTION IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

ON the 17th inst., in the House of Lords, the Bishop of Oxford presented a petition from Jamaica touching the Spanish slave trade, and called the attention of the House generally to the question. He contended that the present threatening aspect of affairs in the West was occasioned by having so long permitted Spain to break her treaty engagements and to continue Cuba as a provocative of dangerous extremities. If Spain would at once give up the slave trade and convert Cuba into a colony for employing free African labor, the desire which many persons in the United States had expressed to annex the island would be removed.

Lord Brougham supported the petition, and strongly condemned the policy of Spain.

Earl Malmesbury deeply regretted that the efforts of England to suppress the slave trade had not been seconded by other nations. With regard to the late unhappy differences, he had admitted to the American government, as a question of international law, that England was not entitled to insist upon the right of search; but had also put it strongly to the American government whether they would continue to permit their flag to be prostituted to the worst of purposes; and he had urged the necessity of ocean police, and that some understanding should be come to between the different maritime nations, which would enable the nationality of vessels to be clearly verified without any danger of a breach of international law. He had every reason to believe, from a conversation he had had with the American Minister, that some such arrangement might be come to. With regard to Spain, it was notorious that hitherto the moral support which she had received from England had materially aided her in resisting the wishes of the United States to annex Cuba; but if she still persisted in supporting the slave trade, it was highly probable that the present anxiety of Great Britain would be exchanged for indifference.

Earl Grey was sorry there should be any attempts to renew the slave trade. He thought the United States and France solely responsible for the renewal. With regard to the question of international law, so far as he understood it, an American vessel filled with slaves might leave Africa without England being able to interfere with her, notwithstanding a perfect knowledge of her character.

Earl Aberdeen said this definition of international law was quite right.

Other peers spoke on the subject, when the petition was ordered to lie on the table.

In the House of Commons, on the 18th, Mr. Fitzgerald, in reply to Mr. Bright, stated that the government had received no further information in reference to the alleged outrages. It was quite possible that the commanders of some vessels had exceeded their duties; and, if they had, the government would be ready to make an ample and frank acknowledgment. It was obvious that the cases which had been published were grossly exaggerated. In proof of this he read several cases, and added that the American flag had been abused by those who were not Americans for the vilest purposes. He had entire confidence that when these circumstances were known, and when the disposition of this country was known, all difficulties would be amicably arranged. The government, acting under the advice of the Crown lawyers, had given up the right of search and of visit in time of peace; but the government had invited America to join in maintaining an ocean police. It was under consideration whether the squadron should be withdrawn from the Cuban waters and replaced on the coast of Africa, and stringent instructions had been sent to commanders of cruisers, enjoining the strictest prudence and caution.

Mr. Roebuck thought the statement of Mr. Fitzgerald most conciliatory and satisfactory, but the disposition had not been imitated by America. The language used in the American Congress was unworthy of a great country. They had always assumed that England wished to insult them, but he hoped they would now learn that she had no such desire. Lies had been told in the American papers for the purpose of pandering to bad habits, and he would not believe that the commanders had done anything to call for the censure of our own government.

Lord John Russell said if the government conducted the affair in the temperate spirit manifested by the Under Secretary, there could be no doubt that the House of Commons would hesitate for a moment to give them its support.

Lord Palmerston said the cruisers had been sent into the Cuban waters in consequence of the wishes of Parliament and of deputations to the government, and also in compliance with the wish of the American government themselves. He hoped her Majesty's government would urge the American government to send out cruisers to prevent the abuse of the flag of the United States, which had been the cause of the difficulty.

Mr. Disraeli said that the best despatch that could be sent to America was the calm and dispassionate spirit in which the House of Commons was discussing the question. He added that the American government had been invited to engage in measures to protect each country against abuses of its flag. He had confidence that the existing misconceptions would speedily disappear. He was not annoyed at American ships of war being sent into Cuban waters, because they would there see for themselves what had taken place.

The subject was then dropped.

The debate in the House of Lords on the slave trade attracts the general attention of the press.

The London *Times* says: "At the present time it is evident that the struggle against the slave trade has reached an important crisis. It hangs on a thread whether the policy of England during the last thirty years shall be abandoned or retained. The three States which, from their present power or their former prosperity, have the least share in the matter are manifestly at issue with England." It then proceeds to argue that the United States and France are equally guilty with Spain, and says it will never do to attempt coercion with weak Spain, and at the same time wink at the delinquencies of the more powerful States.

The London *Post* argues that England has done its duty in the matter, and that it rests with the people of the United States to say whether they will do theirs.

The London *Daily News*, on the same subject, urges the cultivation of cotton in Africa as the best solution of the difficulty.

The London *Times* on the 19th, in a leader, congratulates the government on having taken the advice of the law officers of the Crown, whose decided opinion is that by the international law we have no right of search—no right of visitation whatever in time of peace. Upon that opinion Lord Derby and his colleagues are prepared to act by the law of nations. No English cruiser has the smallest right to interfere with any ship bearing the flag of the United States, save in so far as that right has been conferred by treaty. They will, therefore, withdraw the blockading squadron from the Cuban waters, and there is an end of our diferences with the States upon this disgraceful subject.

From The Tribune.

The Jamaica *Colonial Standard* of May 25 contains an advertisement for the sale at public auction of the cargo of "the schooner Cortes, nation unknown, seized by H. M. S. Forward and condemned in the Vice-Admiralty Court for having been engaged in the slave trade." Among the items are: 78 quarter-casks and 40 hogsheads of rum, 1 hogshead and 8 quarter-casks red wine, 70 barrels rice, 51 barrels bread, 33 iron buckets, 98 water casks, 3 091 feet of lumber, &c. *The Standard* states that if ever there were a slaver in the world, the Cortes was one. It adds that, so long as the American government, knowing as it does that nine-tenths of the vessels employed in the Cuban slave trade are American, and that the American flag is freely used, not only on the coast of Africa, but on the coast of Cuba, for the purpose of preventing slavers from being visited by British cruisers, neglects to provide an adequate squadron on the Cuban coast to protect its own flag from desecration, or from being used to cover a traffic which is piracy by American law, so long must Americans engaged in lawful commerce be content, wherever suspicion can reasonably attach, to permit a visitation, unaccompanied by unnecessary force, on the part of the cruisers of a nation bound mutually by treaty with the United States for the suppression of the slave trade.

Our Government is either for or against this crime of crimes—this arch-piracy. The running up of an American flag can be effected by any pirate; and if the Government, by flat avowal or slimy wriggling of diplomatic phrase, calls it a protection against the right of visit, there is a premium put upon the slave trade, and our efforts to suppress it are simply lies. We may be pretty low as a nation, but there is a depth which must be a precursor of dissolution, and we would fain believe that we have not yet arrived at that. Certain it is that the profits on the slave trade are so enormous that those engaged in it can afford to pay their way munificently, and squirm around the law in a manner not comprehensible to poverty. We are enabled to affirm that there is at this moment, in the State Department at Washington, proof to show that the capital of three million dollars invested in the slave trade produces eighteen million dollars profit a year—an investment valuable almost without precedent or parallel, and stimulating avarice to frantic energy. That slavers are fitted out habitually at this port—that the Cortes was known to be such before she sailed—are facts well known. That the officers of the American ships placed to seize slavers are, for the greater part, heart and soul with the oppressor, is too deplorably true. Coming chiefly from the slave States—lord of all they survey as they pace the deck—they are precisely the men not to sympathize with the philanthropy of Anti-Slavery, and their inaction is in accordance with their theory regarding the suppression of the trade.

The time, indeed, appears to be approaching when the maintenance of slavery at all and the open trade in the slave with Africa direct will be considered inseparable. As Edmund Randolph said that the domestic slave trade in the United States was more terrible than that with Africa, so appear many to think; and if we permit the one, we may as well permit the other. Morally speaking, they are on the same platform; economically, there may be a difference. If the slave trade with Africa be legalized, the issue will be disunion or the enslavement of all the Northern States.

The course taken by the present Administration, for or against the slave trade as involved in the right of search, will largely determine the fate of this country. Certainly the South could not have two men more deeply involved in its interests than the President, first signer of the Ostend Manifesto for the seizure of Cuba, and Mr. Dallas, the Envoy to St. James's, who, in defining the powers of the Reform Constitutional Convention of Pennsylvania, said it was supreme—that it "could enact laws bloody as those of Draco, and restore slavery." That anything worthy of humanity and of the age should come of such a brace of Pennsylvania politicians appears too much to expect.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1858.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

GEORGE TICKNOR, THE ABOLITIONIST.

IN THE STANDARD of the 19th ult. we copied from *The Boston Courier* a letter from one who has illustrated the age in which he lives by his contributions to science, and the nobility of manhood by a long life of virtue and humility—the venerable HUMBOLDT—to Mr. George Ticknor of that city. That Mr. Ticknor, an American scholar of some note, held in deserved repute abroad as the fullest historian of Spanish Literature, should receive a letter from even the most illustrious of the scholars of Europe is, in itself, nothing remarkable; nor, even were such a letter strictly private, should it very much surprise us that it should be handed round, for the perusal of a select circle of friends, in the columns of any of the Boston newspapers whose circulation is chiefly confined to that not large district of country extending from the foot of Beacon street to the head of Long Wharf. It is gratifying to the Bostonian mind to be assured by such unmistakable evidence that the domestic greatness which they love and cherish is recognized in other lands, and holds familiar intercourse with kindred greatness. The benevolent wish to afford to one's friends and neighbors so innocent a gratification would, naturally enough, forbid the indulgence of any sense of mere private modesty and selfish sensitiveness, which, under other circumstances, might bid one shrink from exposing to public comment some very flattering assurances of friendship and of eminent consideration from a distinguished source. Boston is pleased to know that M. Humboldt writes to Mr. Ticknor, and Mr. Ticknor consents to stifle any little private feeling he may have by imparting this pleasing satisfaction to his fellow-citizens.

The real benevolence of this act of self-denial is all the greater inasmuch as the satisfaction imparted is not confined to any one class of the community of Boston. M. Humboldt, in giving permission that his letter should be made public, intended that it should be understood as a public assurance of his regard for the American people. And in that term he expressly includes that portion who are not generally held as having any title to consideration which white men are bound to respect. On this point the great German either misunderstands or does not agree with the American people; and he would seem to have been under some misapprehension as to the position hitherto occupied by his distinguished American correspondent. In publishing the letter, however, and becoming thereby the messenger of good will to those who, in our choice vernacular, are known as "niggers," Mr. Ticknor, no doubt, intends to accept the imputation of sympathy with this class of his countrymen which M. Humboldt himself feels, and evidently supposes so fully shared in by his correspondent. For so distinguished a recruit to the humanitarian forces there should and, no doubt, will be due Io Pæans. Such, perhaps, have been given, in some small way, already. It is to be presumed that, as the letter was probably read in a small circle of select friends before it was given to the larger one in the columns of a Boston newspaper, some of the leading colored gentlemen of that city were called in to share the pleasure of the assurance of the regard of Mr. Humboldt for their people, and the not smaller pleasure of the newborn friendship of Mr. Ticknor. Mr. Smith, the well-known caterer, who refused to wait at table upon Daniel Webster, would, without doubt, head, with great satisfaction, a deputation called upon such an errand to the elegant mansion of his eminent townsman. And in other quarters the satisfaction felt at this change of heart in one without whose nod there is no *entrée* among the *élite* of Boston will be equally cordial and warm. Beacon street will be no longer only a promised land to be viewed from the Pisgah of the State House yard, by those who have loved freedom more than they have feared "society." Should Mr. Sumner, for instance, meet, as in all probability he will, with M. Humboldt during his present tour in Europe, he will be able, from some personal recollections and experiences, to assure the great philosopher how very wide a stride toward tolerance and urbanity his correspondent takes in this assumption of sympathy for the colored people. Or if the incidents of the past shall be ignored on the one side, as, it is evident, they are unknown on the other, then, at least, a certain embarrassing awkwardness will be avoided when Mr. Ticknor shall happen to be mentioned, inasmuch as he may now be understood as claiming in *this* country, as well as abroad, to be a friend of the blacks.

SLAVEHOLDING INGRATITUDE.

WE must say that we think our Southern Brethren a trifle unreasonable in their demands. It is impossible to please them, strike where one will, or even if one forbear to strike at all. Surely, if there be any men who have read their title clear to slaveholding confidence by many years of friendly service, it is that most religious and respectable firm the Messrs. Harper, Brothers. They have trimmed their publications and their republications, now cropping the ears and anon docking the tails of the same, so as to suit the taste of the Southern market. They have done more than all the other publishers in the land to make literature contemptible so that slavery might be all in all. In the management of their Magazine and Weekly Newspaper, we had always thought that they could not have behaved better had there been an overseer in the flesh standing behind them with a cart-whip under his arm. And, yet, what says that authentic mouthpiece of slaveholding sentiment, the Richmond *South*, concerning these faithful servants? "Amongst the various Yankee schemes for making money by selling the brains of other people, we know none more deserving public contempt than the Magazine of Harper, and its codicil, the Harper weekly press!" This, we are bold to affirm, is harder measure than those ingenious gentlemen deserve—at least from the hands that administer the chastisement. The *Weekly* we had always thought peculiarly free from any taint that might make it a stench in Southern nostrils. And yet the same chastener administers to it a severe correction for publishing articles, assailing Mr. Buchanan and the character of Southern men, which, the editor presumes, had been first offered to *The Tribune* and *The Liberator!* We cannot speak as to the first named paper; but so far as *The Liberator* is concerned, we think we can safely exonerate our contemporary from the charge of publishing any articles which that sheet has rejected. And we would most cordially commend both the Magazine and the Weekly as publications eminently suited to Southern necessities.

It is rather unkind, after those eminent publishers have been at the pains they have to please their Southern patrons with their paper, to have it called by the *Southern Banner*, a Georgia newspaper, by the ignominious epithet of "a chicken thief," merely because of the new system they have inaugurated of publishing the works of authors without betraying the secret of their names. It demands to know whether these articles were written by one George W. Curtis, who "stumped the domains of Free-Soilism in '56 for Fremont and Free Kansas, and who distinguished himself above all his compeers by his filthy and ferocious denunciations of Southern people and their institutions." *The Banner* demands to know whether this Black Republican stump-orator and villifier of Southern people be the editor of the *Weekly*, so that these last may at once transfer their patronage to some other journal better qualified to give them what they desire. *The South* cordially endorses this demand and advises a strict scrutiny, on the part of Southern readers, into the character of the innumerable Yankee papers circulating among them. These papers, it adds, "are invariably opposed to the institution of slavery, and avail themselves of every opportunity to inflict secret injury upon it." This last allegation seems to us rather too sweeping in its generalization; but, if true, in what a predicament does it not place that small portion of the Southern people who know how to read, in making them choose between the writings of Mr. Curtis, if he be indeed the guilty party in this matter, and such writers as the editor of *The Banner* and *The South!*

Now, we would entreat our Southern contemporaries to consider, if old and faithful servants, like the Messrs. Harper, are to have their livery stripped over their heads and they turned out, like an emancipated negro, to take care of themselves, merely for a chance word, supposing such a one has fallen from them, how can they expect to keep their bold on their loyal vassals of the Northern press? If Mr. Everett, after all his services and sufferings, after his offer of himself and his musket and knapsack, after his reverently biding the dying weakness of Washington in regard to his slaves, after all his fealty to the slaveholders, if he is to be branded as "an Abolitionist," as he was by *The South*, what encouragement have our public men to cease to do evil and learn to do well? Supposing we ourselves, having seen the error of our ways, should seek to be admitted to the full communion of the Church of Slavery, what guarantee have we that the time past of our lives would be taken as sufficient for the evil we have done, and that we should be treated as dear brethren in the time to come? Our Southern friends should be content to mix a little mercy with their justice, in consideration of the weakness of the flesh in these Northern latitudes, and the absence of good early training and example, and not drive away good friends or repentant sinners by an unwise, if not an undue, exercise of severity.

MANAGEMENT.

THE Thirty-third Annual Report of the American Tract Society in this city (presented May 12th, and recently issued from the press) opens with a statement that the year has been marked by pecuniary depression *and agitation*, causing some diminution of the Society's receipts; but proceeds to record that the hands of the Society have been strengthened, its heart cheered, and the call for its publications very largely increased, by the recent revival of the popular American religion.

Of course a revival of influences tending to strengthen "the great bulwark of slavery" was the most opportune occurrence possible for the relief of an institution which was beginning to be threatened with pecuniary loss in consequence of its faithful adherence to slavery. The Tract Society, being the legitimate child of a pro-slavery Church, and born when that Church was *unanimous* in the support of slavery—that is, before any of its members had been awakened by the Abolitionists to oppose so enormous a sin—will of course be strengthened by that which invigorates its mother. Had it not been for the revival, the leaders of the remonstrating party might have repaired the damage caused by their unspeakably stupid mistake of the previous year, and met with a tolerable measure of success in their appeal to the *quasi* reformatory Churches to send no more contributions to the Tract Society. But they now seem likely to experience the truth of the saying that "delays are dangerous," and to make some progress towards learning that "a house divided against itself cannot stand." While trying to accomplish a certain small amount of interference with slavery in the Tract Society, they have been inconsistent enough to praise, encourage, and labor for the revival of that American religion which gives hearty and thorough support to slavery, and the influence of which causes the Tract Society to support it. They have, literally, been building up with both hands the very thing which they have been trying to pull down with one finger. All through the present year, and for many years to come, they will find their movement in regard to the Tract Society blocked and counteracted by the very persons whom they have laboriously manufactured from worldlings into churchlings. By their own manipulations, they have put these persons into mesmeric communication with the Secretaries and Publishing Committee of the Tract Society; so that when these last say—p. 11 of their Report—"Almost every colporteur of the Society throughout the whole country, North, *South*, East and West, has reported special Divine influences in his field of labor. Great absorbing themes of national or local worldly interest have given place to the concerns of eternity. Thus has the mercy of God abounded in the midst of embarrassment and trial; cheering the hearts of his servants, calling them to renewed fidelity and trust in Him, and enabling them to sing, 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear'"—the new converts in question shall take for granted, with the sheep-like conformity of their tribe, that *God* has revived the American religion in the South, leaving the converts, as he found them, slaveholders; that anti-slavery, a matter of *worldly* interest, *ought* to give place to "the concerns of eternity"; that the *mercy of God* has helped the Tract Society, when the exposure of a long train of tergiversation and deception, including not a few instances of direct falsehood on the part of its officers, had placed it "in the midst of embarrassment and trials"; and that such men as William A. Hallock and Nehemiah Adams are, by especial emphasis, "His servants," supported, in the discouragements of their pro-slavery labor, by the reflection that God is on their side, and that fidelity to slavery is fidelity to Him!

Every Church that has been enlarged, every convert that has been made, every prayer-meeting that has been held, every tract that has been distributed in the late revival has *tended* to this result; and, however much the efforts of a few exceptional ministers like George B. Cheever may succeed in counteracting this tendency in their individual Churches, their endorsement of the general movement, and their labors in it in connection with pro-slavery clergymen, and their endorsement of those pro-slavery clergymen as *Christian ministers*, have helped slavery fifty times more than their efforts in other directions have hindered it.

In the Report of which we have been speaking we find a very significant omission, and nine very significant repetitions.

In the list of "Publications of the American Tract Society" published a year ago, in the Thirty-second Annual Report, occurs the following.

"594. Sambo and Toney, a dialogue. . . 24 pages."

In this year's Report, in the corresponding place, we find

"594. Highland Maid, or Prayer of Four Words. . . 4 pages."

"Sambo and Toney" has silently disappeared from the Tract Society's list. It was originally published (and probably written) by Rev. Edward Botsford, a pro-slavery Baptist minister in Georgia and South Carolina; it was written with unmistakable reference to the class of servants claimed as *slaves*, and represented that God required them to obey the villains who had reduced them to the condition of chattels. It would no doubt have permanently continued on the list, and for sale in the various tract depositories, had not its existence been used to show the transparent falseness of the pretence that nothing bad yet been published concerning slavery, and also to claim that *something more* should be published in regard to it.

We have said that there were certain significant repetitions in this Report. We have now to add that these are repetitions of a statement absolutely false, though now promulgated as part of the settled policy of the Tract Society.

The *fact* in question is the obligation of the Society (expressed in the 1st Article of its Constitution) to distribute tracts "*calculated* to receive the approbation of all evangelical Christians."

The falsehood into which they have twisted this fact represents that the tracts distributed must be "such only as evangelical Christians throughout our country *do in fact* unite in approving."

This false statement (published on page 193 of the 31st Annual Report, 1856, and there signed by the whole Executive Committee of the Society) was followed up by a falsehood relating to the *usages* of the Society, signed by the Senior Secretary, William A. Hallock, p. 202, as follows:

In answer to the question, "*Has not the Society published*, on intemperance and other evils, what many evangelical Christians do not approve?" Mr. Hallock unflinchingly declares, "*It has not.*"

The representation that the Society's issues are constitutionally restricted to matters which evangelical Christians "*do in fact* unite in approving," though easily susceptible of refutation by at least a dozen of their published tracts, has been often repeated, since 1856, in the Circulars, Bulletins, Manifestoes, &c., of the "Tract Management." Rev. Seth Bliss, late Secretary of the Boston Society, repeats it eight times in his pamphlet written in justification of the Executive Committee in this city, and they repeat it nine times in their Report just published.

The old maxim, "A lie well stuck to is as good as the truth," seems to have been adopted as the policy of the Tract Society in relation to this matter. The coming year will show whether the minority will let them pursue this policy unquestioned, or whether, exposing this profligate course, they will at the same time revoke their testimonies, so frequently given heretofore, of confidence in the wisdom, and honesty, and devotedness, and piety of its perpetrators.

THE LAWLESS SPIRIT OF SLAVERY.

THE tale of violence and cruelty which we publish below affords a fresh illustration of the spirit engendered by slavery in every community where it prevails. The slaveholders never give a slave credit for planning his own escape. When their chattels are found missing, they at once conclude that some white man has helped them off; and in such circumstances suspicion naturally attaches to any man who has been known to express "anti-slavery opinions." They will convict him under the forms of law if possible; but, failing in that, they will hand him over to the minions of Judge Lynch, to be tarred and feathered, or otherwise outraged. The cowardly wretches will even fall upon a poor feeble free colored woman, suspected of the crime of sympathizing with the slaves, and treat her with such barbarous cruelty as might well cause a fiend to blush and hang his head for shame.

From The Charleston (Md.) News of the 26th.

It is well known that this county for some years has suffered severely from the loss of slaves, and that this number has been so great that in some sections there is now an insufficiency of this kind of labor for agricultural purposes. Few are willing to invest their capital in supplying this deficiency, on account of its admitted insecurity. In the year 1856, not less than sixty slaves ran away from their owners, in this county, whose aggregate value exceeded sixty thousand dollars. Since then, though escapes have been less frequent, still they have occurred occasionally, and, save in one or two instances, no tidings of their whereabouts have been obtained after their departure.

The fact that negroes who had never been within many miles of the northern limits of the county making good their escape, without leaving behind them any evidence of their direction, has forced the conviction upon the public mind that they have derived assistance from some one. So successful have been past attempts to run away that a few hours' start have been ample to prevent apprehension. These circumstances have naturally excited alarm, suspicion and conjecture on the part of slaveholders. What led to the infliction of the punishment upon Mr. James L. Bowers, on Wednesday night, as far as we can ascertain, resulted from the following circumstances and facts:

Mr. B. has, for a long time, publicly proclaimed his anti-slavery opinions, yet averring that he would not persuade a slave to abscond, or assist him if solicited. In the utterance of these sentiments, so far as we know, Mr. B. had never received any marked rebuke or personal injury. Some five years ago, however, a slave belonging to Dr. Davidson, of Queen Ann's County, ran away, who was less fortunate than his predecessors, as he was apprehended in Delaware and returned to his master. A forged pass or certificate of freedom was found upon him, evidently disguised, which he uniformly stated was furnished him by Mr. Bowers. This led to his arrest, and at the ensuing court a bill was found. The charge was not sustained, from the impossibility of identifying the hand-writing; one of the witnesses testifying that he believed it to be his, whilst others testified their belief to the contrary—the one witness also testifying to a conversation with Mr. Bowers, three years anterior, implicating Mr. Bowers, by his admission, in a similar transaction, but which evidence was ruled out by the Court on the ground of irrelevancy to the case under trial; the result of the trial, as before stated, was an acquittal. Since then, suspicion has been directed against him, and possibly it may have been confirmed, from the fact that his immediate neighborhood had suffered to a considerable extent from the loss of this kind of property. Reports say that the proceeding of Wednesday night had its origin in recent preparatory consultations and arrangements of sundry slaves to abscond, their arrest, and the developments made by them, connected with various antecedents of a similar character.

The following are the particulars and attending circumstances which are currently reported and believed, in connection with the tar and feathers of Mr. B. From ten to thirty persons were engaged in it, one of whom succeeded in decoying Mr. Bowers from his house, between the hours of 10 and 12 o'clock, by pretending to have broken his carriage, which required assistance to mend it. Upon Mr. B.'s arrival at the road (which is distant about 100 yards from his house), he was seized and secured by the party, who quickly proceeded to place him in a carriage, to be conveyed to a place previously selected for the purpose.

His screams were soon heard by his wife, who immediately started to the place whence they proceeded, and came up with the party before they had carried off her husband. Her fears for his safety were partially relieved by being told that he would receive no personal violence, but that they intended to take him to jail for some offence he had committed. Mrs. Bowers returned home, whilst the posse carried him to a woods some half mile distant, where he was stripped, tarred and feathered, and, after promising to leave the State within twenty-four hours, he was permitted to depart.

They then went into the house of a free negro named Butler, and inquired if a certain negro woman named Tillison was there. To this question he promptly responded no; the house was entered and the individual soon found, whereupon they administered to him a severe flogging. The woman, who has a strong infusion of the Anglo-Saxon, was taken some distance from the house, and the upper portion of her person subjected to a similar application of tar and feathers. This woman, it is alleged, lives in Cecil, and for several years has frequently visited almost every section of the county without any ostensible business, exerting, wherever she goes, her wonderful powers of conjuration and fortune-telling.

At this time she pretended to be collecting money, but failing to satisfy the party who owed her, and for what the debts were contracted, she received an application which will take her some time to remove. She is represented to be about fifty years of age, dwarfish in appearance, scarcely weighing fifty pounds, and is calculated to excite a great influence upon the more superstitious portion of blacks. She leads a migratory life, and is usually found in the houses of free negroes. Her advent in this county has been followed by the escape of slaves on more than one occasion.

BIGLER'S CRY FOR GARDEN SEEDS.

IN the Senate, not long before the close of the recent session of Congress, it was proposed to make a small appropriation "for garden seeds, for the encouragement of horticulture," whereupon Mr. Toombs of Georgia made a warm speech against the measure, as "without warrant in the Constitution." This called up Mr. Bigler of Pennsylvania, who entreated his Southern masters so pathetically for a few seeds, for distribution among his constituents, that Senator Hale, in the kindness of his heart, was moved to add his voice in favor of the measure. The following extract from Mr. Hale's speech will be appreciated, we are sure, by our Pennsylvania readers:

It is very rarely, sir, that a debate in the Senate is intended to influence the action of members here, but it is made to enlighten the country. I confess, however, that this debate has enlightened my mind. I was at first inclined to go against this appropriation; but the considerations which have been urged with so much force by the Senator from Pennsylvania, I confess, have weakened my conviction in that direction, and have almost induced me to go for it. If the appeal which he so powerfully and pathetically made to the honor

the equal of the white man. White men have to sustain 'em, and white men have made a good many of 'em (laughter). Why should we scrutinize the designs of God Almighty? S'pose Fremont had control of the government, where would he get his Cabinet from? There ain't a Southern man who respects himself would serve under such a man. There would be nothing but hard feelings between the North and South. What better Administration do we want than we now have? Where could we get a better President than Mr. Buchanan? Look at St. Louis—look at Illinois—why! the admiration of the whole world.

"These fanatical people must be stopped. Why, Adam was a Democrat when he was only one year old, and there never was a man but what was a Democrat if he had his senses about him. But, my friends, you are in a mighty tight fix, no use denying it. You are in a mighty tight fix, and the poison of your city is going over your State. If you run two parties against the fanatics, you are lost. We must stand firm on principle—we must discard all these isms. If you accept any of 'em, you are lost, so help me God. We must be united. Friends, we are doing religious duty to-day. Before God Almighty, I say you are doing a religious work in your efforts to-day to amalgamate the Democratic party. The whole world is looking at you. There is no hope for liberty but in America, and no hope for America but in the National Democratic party of St. Louis. So, to work Don't fear for your corn—there will be corn enough raised. Do, if necessary, occupy your time in planting the corn of Democracy."

The (Richmond) *South* thinks it sees in the honors lately bestowed on Senator Crittenden at Cincinnati and elsewhere evidence sufficient to warrant it in believing that a scheme is on foot to bring him out as the next candidate of the "Black Republicans" for President. It says:

"They (the Republicans) are not insensible to the abatement of the anti-slavery fanaticism. They appreciate the effect upon the popular mind, in the North, of Mr. Buchanan's conservative Administration. They understand the embarrassments under which they labor for lack of a captivating issue. They foresee the utter impossibility of uniting the elements of opposition at the North in a war upon the constitutional rights of the South. And seeing these things, the Black Republican party have resolved to change with the change of circumstances. They will not again venture to stand as an independent and isolated organization. They will affect to discard their sectional complexion. They will subordinate the slavery issue—if they do not entirely ignore it—to measures of policy which equally interest all sections of the Confederacy. They will avail themselves of the temporary embarrassment of our public finances and the partial suspension of commercial enterprise, consequent upon the recent revulsion in the money market, to revive the obsolete issues of extinct Whiggery, and to combine all the elements of opposition in a desperate assault upon the Administration and the Democracy. Conscious that the overthrow of the Democratic party is the indispensable condition of future success, the Black Republicans will agree to any sacrifice of feeling or postponement of principle to attain that result. They will fraternize with 'Whigs and Americans' in the South at the same time that they hug Catholic Democrats in the North. Seward may protest against the policy at the suggestion of his personal ambition, but the hungry herd of impatient expectants will insist upon the nomination of a man against whom the South may not rally in such compact array. The Black Republicans of the North will select a candidate outside of their distinctive organization, and will pretend to support him in the interests of the Union. They will claim to be the *national* party.

"This is not idle speculation. It is the obvious indication of important events. What signify these recent demonstrations in different parts of the country? What mean these sudden and surprising ovations to Senator Crittenden in the strongholds of Abolitionism? Why is he received in triumph at Cincinnati? Why do Greeley and other leaders of the Black Republican party invite him to New York with protestations of their sympathy and admiration? They intend to run him for the Presidency. Unless the most authentic intelligence, corroborated by the most significant indications, be utterly unreliable, John J. Crittenden will be the candidate of the Opposition in 1860."

THEODORE PARKER'S SPEECH IN THE NEW ENGLAND CONVENTION.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

AFTER listening attentively to Theodore Parker's great speech before the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, and after reading it carefully in the columns of THE STANDARD, one can but admire the great power of the man, and feel that if any one can "make the worse appear the better reason" in this matter, he is the man; and if it were possible so to weave the subtle web of sophistry as to demonstrate that the United States Constitution is not only an *anti*-slavery, but also an *abolition* instrument, Theodore Parker has now done it.

The old stagers on our platform will not be expected to fall into the delusion, and it might be supposed that no harm has been done by this colossal attempt to subvert history and establish error. But when it is recollected that many of his hearers, as well as many of the readers of THE STANDARD and *The Liberator*, are not well-grounded in the faith, and while they, like Mr. Parker, are at heart desirous of the overthrow of slavery, yet they are so infected with the itch of American politics that they are glad of some facile gloss by which they can act in this slaveholding government, and yet satisfy themselves that they are true to the slave; and when it is found, by travelling among and sojourning with the people, that Mr. Parker's sophistries have actually been seized on as a justification for past support of a slaveholding government, and an excuse for prospective action under it, and that some of the old abolition soldiers who have long stood fast in their integrity are almost persuaded to yield at last, by this mighty effort under our own auspices and by our apparent endorsement, it becomes us to consider whether we are true to ourselves, to our testimonies, and to the slave, in thus bringing forward this intellectual Titan, and giving him all of our character and power wherewith to overthrow our position in the minds of those who look to us with so much respect and confidence for truth and guidance. "But," says Mr. Parker, "I was not invited—I volunteered my speech, and no one is responsible for it but myself." Well, admit the fact of the volunteering, but does the rest of the proposition follow? When it is known that, having indicated his wish to speak, he was officially invited so to do—officially advertised as one of the card speakers, and his speech officially published and spread before the community for their instruction, is there no other responsibility than his own? Of course there is; and in effect the same as though he had been solicited before he volunteered, and paid for his effort. No one should put any bar to his occupancy of our free platform; but if he desires to come, let him come as others not of us are expected to come, uninvited and unannounced, to take his chance at the occupancy of our platform, that is and has so long been free to all, whether friend or foe. Or, if his great effort must have announcement in order to secure a great audience, then let it be announced as an attempt to subvert our theories and overthrow our positions; and then let the meeting condemn by vote the positions that he vainly seeks to establish, and we shall be clear of the endorsement we now give.

No one who knows Mr. Parker will charge him with intentional enmity to the slave or to his cause. We all know him to be as earnest for the overthrow of this gigantic tyranny as any one can be, and yet we feel that we know *as* well that he is laboring under a delusion as to his appliances, and that by this delusion he, to a great extent, paralyzes his own effort. But, says Mr. Parker, in his farmer Jenkins story, don't fret at me about appliances; what if I don't use *your* wedges, don't I split the logs? No, you do not, and it is but begging the question for you to assume that you do. Of course, you mean to do it, and labor right hard at the work, but in repudiating our wedges that are sharp and constructed on scientific principles, don't you see that you throw away efficiency? And while you labor ever so hard at your *improved wedge*, don't you see that it is but a *hoop*—that the more you drive it on the end of the log, the firmer is the log bound together, and the more difficult it is for our wedges to split it? This is our view of the matter, and it is for this reason that we contest appliances with you. Yours, as we think, not only does not do the work itself, but hinders those that could do it. Why should we not specially invite William Goodell to occupy our platform with his platitudes and nice drawn sophistries, as well as Mr. Parker? Mr. Goodell is quietly chuckling to himself, as he looks on, and announces to his readers the fact of our spreading Mr. Parker's speech before the world as a "sign of progress." If we have a position which we think is right, let us maintain it, and not impeach our own integrity by thus officially questioning it, and attempting its overthrow.

It may seem like the attempt of a fly to vanquish the elephant to attempt a consideration of Mr. Parker's position; but as it may prove like the rough iron point that breaks the glittering bubble, here's for the attempt.

"The preamble is a programme of purposes," says he, "the seven articles are a programme of means for the attainment of those purposes." The first statement is true; the last may or may not be true. It does not follow that every package is true to its label. It may be *prima facie* evidence, but not demonstrative, and is always open to doubt till demonstrated.

But what is the "purpose," as set forth by this preamble? To protect every human being in his inalienable birthright of liberty? Not at all. To be sure, it proposes to "establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty," but to whom? To every man on our soil? Not at all; but "*we*, the people," propose to do it for "*ourselves* and our posterity." And who are "we, the people"? Why, the legally recognized citizens of these United States, and their legitimate posterity; and if they think it will "promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty" to themselves, to enslave the blacks, it is not inconsistent with their "purpose" to do it. Their "purpose" is, first, "to form a more perfect union"; and if the blood of the slave cements it more securely, their purpose is to apply it.

The idea that the phrase "we, the people," covers all humanity, without respect to color or condition, like the language of the Declaration, "all men," is absurd on the face of it. The measures prescribed are consistent with *this* statement of the purposes, and inconsistent with Mr. Parker's exposition. The authors of the Constitution set about the task of securing rights for *themselves*, and not for universal man.

But, says Mr. Parker, they actually did ordain that "The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a Republican form of Government"; and as slavery is inconsistent with republicanism, therefore they are imperatively commanded to overthrow all slaveholding State governments, and establish in their place Republican or Democratic governments. Indeed, sir! but when and where did you discover that slavery and republicanism are inconsistent, or that Republic and Democracy are synonymous terms? Of course not in the old and standard definitions of terms, for Montesquieu, forty years before the Constitution, said that "a government where the people in mass, or only *a part of the people*, forms the sovereign power" is a Republic, and the first, which is a Democracy, or the last, which is an Aristocracy, are alike Republican. Worcester, fifty years after the Constitution, gives the same definitions, and all lexicographers agree in making a Republic merely a government that is different from a monarchy, or Mr. Parker's first class of government, the "one-man power"; and it covers both his other classes, "the few-men power" and "the all-men power."

But, says he, I go to the Declaration and the Preamble for my definitions. Well, what does the Declaration say about it? Nothing. It describes the "just powers" of governments, that is all; and when its authors lay down fundamental truth, it is only for the purpose of securing their own rights, and not for the purpose of establishing universal liberty. So that, although their statement is broad, if this Declaration were really the law of the land, which it is not, there might be doubt about making it a power to abolish slavery, unless the right is claimed of *violating the intention of the makers*. And what light does the Preamble throw on the meaning of the term Republican? None at all; it says nothing about it, and only undertakes to tell what kind of government they actually mean to establish, and not what they ought, in the light of general principles, to establish; nor what they thought a Republic would be. They satisfied themselves with the universally received definition of words, and declared their own selfish "purposes."

But, says Mr. Parker, their intention, their great purpose, settles it. Admitted; but what *was* that intention? If he does not find in the Preamble, "the programme of purposes," and in the seven Articles provided for the attainment of those purposes, that the purpose was to look out for number one, the superior race first, then a careful reading of the history of the country might enlighten him.

Again he says we are not to go to the past for definitions; we are a progressive race; the Americans are peculiarly a "go-ahead" people, and we must have progressive interpretations. Well, admit that, if you please; but where is the improved interpretation? Do you find it in the practice of the American people, or in their published theories, or even in the published creed or political acts of the great Republican party? Not at all; but even this party, with which Mr. Parker is understood to act, by its most prominent leaders and mouthpieces, goes about to guarantee the perpetuity of *Republics* wherein the minority actually enslave the majority. And if *they* keep the old definitions, who is there that does not? Why, only Mr. Parker, Mr. Spooner, Mr. Goodell, Mr. Smith and a few others. If they can get the people to say that white is black, and so adopt the new definition, let them do it, of course; the people of the United States have the right, through the constituted methods, to alter or amend their Constitution, and to give it a new interpretation, if they choose; but until they do this, or at least propose to do it, it is idle to talk of slavery being necessarily antagonistic to republicanism, when all the history of the past and the practice and avowal of the present say that it is not so.

A word more as to Mr. Parker's imperative "SHALL guarantee." What is it to guarantee? Obviously, "to secure the performance of an agreement." "To *guarantee* a Republican form of government *supposes a pre-existing government of the form which is guaranteed*. As long, therefore, as the *existing Republican* forms are continued by the States, they are guaranteed by the Constitution," says James Madison—probably as good authority as Mr. Parker, and better even, because more likely to understand the facts of the case and the intentions of the parties. Let him or any one else undertake to overturn the already existing government by virtue of the "*shall guarantee*," and if he is not met and thrown back by both dictionary and grammar, to say say nothing of history, probably he would be by the people.

If Mr. Parker, or any one else, can find in this famous Constitution any statement of the self-evident truths of the Declaration, or any provision for the security and protection of those inalienable rights, let him show it; but, until they do so, it is idle for them to spend so much talk and time, or for us to aid them with time and ink, in the vain attempt to establish the nonsense of an abolition Constitution in the face of history and the engrossed parchment.

J. A. H.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCXXXI.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent correcteth an error as to Julien Hall—He magnifieth his own infallibility—He turneth the tables on the editor—And is piscatory and quoteth Lord Byron—He giveth the Natural History of the Tiger—He describeth the visit of the Virginia Knights Templars—And standeth up for Complimentary Flunkeyism and the Union—And doeth justice to the Representative Man of the same—Of the quandary of the City Government—Of the Execution of Magee—Of the examples to be drawn from it and its occasion—The Correspondent expoundeth his doctrine as to Prison Discipline, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, June 28, 1858.

I AM told that I was mistaken, in my last letter, as to the burning of Julien Hall, where the Anti-Slavery Meetings used to be held in the days of the persecution. All I can say is that I had my information from one that ought to know, and, as I was badly in want of something it and turned it to the best account I knew how. I am thus prompt in setting this matter right, as I believe it is the first occasion I have had to take anything back in the whole course of my two hundred and thirty letters. My informations being, as a general thing, derived from my own observation, may be taken to be absolutely infallible, and future historians need never trouble themselves to go behind any of my relations. A single slight error, like this, should be regarded only as the solitary exception which is necessary for the perfect demonstration of a general rule. Julien Hall, therefore, "yet lives," and may it long live as one of our few historical places. And yet, to judge from its looks from the outside, I should judge it had retired from business as a Hall and gone into some branch of the dry goods trade. But there are the four walls and the same general look of the place, with no smell of fire at all upon its garments. And, moreover, it has done me double service, by furnishing me with two paragraphs instead of one.

And while on the subject of *errors*, having made satisfaction for my own, I think I may as well call you to account for one of yours, which made me talk nonsense—a miracle which nothing but the perverse omnipotence of types could effect—in that same letter. It is towards the end of the second paragraph, where I am vindicating to myself the glory of the goodly beginning of the New England Convention, which I effected by procuring "the line to be baited with Phillips, Parker or Garrison, or some *shiner* of the sort," the fish rose to the hook and were hauled in, or something to that effect. Your types made it "*shiver*," a species of bait which would have puzzled Isaak Walton, Piscator, and good Master Cotton to make out what it could be. It is plain that you are not a lover of the "gentle craft," as the anglers call it—I imagine the fish would enter a protest against the fitness of the adjective—or you would have known that a *shiner* is a small fish which is much used to betray bigger ones to their doom. My metaphor did not run altogether on all fours—being a piscatory one, it would have been odd if it had—but it limped well enough for my purpose. I would say, to prevent misconception, that I am as far from being an angler as my Lord Byron, who said of old Isaak that, in the next world,

> "The quaint old cruel coxcomb in his gullet
> Should have a hook and a small trout to pull it."

Though I don't think I can go all lengths with his lordship and say that "no angler can be a good man," I will admit that none can who should practise the barbarities set forth by the apostle of the art as part of its lawful machinery.

We have had plenty of drumming and fifing and processioning in the streets lately, hot as the weather has been. In the first place, "the Tigers," as the Boston Light Infantry have, for some reason to this deponent unknown, seen fit to christen themselves, returned from their campaign against your city. I see that they took you by storm and held possession for several days. I hope you were not frightened at their presence, because of their ferocious nomenclature. I believe they are very harmless and peaceable beasts, and that their roaring is as gentle as that of sucking doves. Since they have betaken themselves to the jungles from which they issued, you would doubtless find them, on searching them out, sitting cross-legged on their shop-boards or mildly willing to measure you off a yard of ribbon or anything else in their line. After the Tigers had slunk away into their hiding places, we have been entertained by a fresh display of Complimentary Flunkeyism on the part of the Masonic Fraternity. I had supposed that ancient body was as dead as Julius Cæsar or William Morgan; but if it were, its ghost appeared last week, or else it was galvanized into a show of vitality. The occasion was a visit from an Encampment (I believe it is called) of Knights Templars from Richmond, Va. If the stories were true which were told of the Knights Templars five hundred and fifty years ago as the occasion of their suppression, it is perfectly proper that the Order should reappear in a Slave State—those qualities being precisely the ones which Slavery naturally and necessarily creates. But there seems to be no especial reason why they should be invited to visit a civilized portion of the country and be made much of, as if they were some great ones. However this may be, they were invited, and received, and feasted, and junketed, and the way in which the Union was saved was a sight to see. I am afraid, however, that it is more than all the Masons, North and South, can do to patch up the poor old tumble-down concern. The law of gravitation is too much for all the cement that they can apply with all their trowels.

And, talking of Complimentary Flunkeyism—of which there was good store bestowed on these visitors, you may well believe—and also of the Salvation of the Union, I suppose you know that we are going to set ourselves right before the world, next Fourth of July, as to both those matters. Our National patriots, not feeling confident as to what the City Government might do, after they had invited Mr. Alger to give the Oration last year—although they did the best they could to counteract its malice by refusing to print it—determined to take the matter into their own hands and to vindicate the great behalf of Complimentary Flunkeyism and of the Union, on their own account. For this purpose, they prevailed on Mr. Rufus Choate, as one eminently fitted to meet both emergencies, to act as the Great Expounder of the Faith that is in them. And that their Representative Man might not be without the necessary material for the exercise of his functions, all the Slaveholding members of the Cabinet and sundry others of the Superior Race, whose lackeys it is their pride and glory to be, have been invited and have promised to attend. So we are very sure of excellent entertainment for man and beast. The City Government, finding themselves thus anticipated, tried to save themselves by inviting Mr. Choate themselves, so as to get all the credit of his Spread-eagleism and Star-Spangled Banneriy; but it was no go, the original adventurers had no idea of being thus choused out of the fruits of their own invention, and so the partnership was refused, and the City will have to save the Union on its own hook. That there will be fun, you may readily conceive. I am sorry that my public duties will take me to Framingham that day. Some of the Anti-Slavery people here, I have been told, tried to open a back fire by getting Mr. Wendell Phillips to set up an opposition line, but for some reason or other he declined the invitation, so that that element of amusement will be lacking to the festivities of the day. Or, at least, to all who do not go to Framingham.

Last Friday was blackened in the Kalendar by a hanging, the first one since the execution of Dr. Webster, eight years since. It was of Magee, or McKee, who stabbed the Warden, Walker, of the State prison at Charlestown, some year and a half ago. What aggravated the essential horror of such a scene was the very grave doubt which appeared as to the sanity of the man. His whole conduct, after all hope of commutation was taken away, as well as before, was that of a man not in his right mind. Of course, the gloss put upon his conduct was that he simulated insanity in the hope of procuring a mitigation of punishment. But it was a case in which it was thought that a bloody example must be set to the convicts in the Prison, and this theory was the more readily accepted as it would complicate the matter seriously to do anything else with him. So the simplicity of the slip-noose was substituted for the intricacies of the knot which might have grown out of this entanglement. Whatever warning the convicts in the Penitentiary may take by the fate of their old companion, it is to be hoped that the officers of the same will lay to heart that of their predecessors and govern their course accordingly. You may, perhaps, remember that, within a month of each other, the Warden and his Deputy were killed by convicts. Now, this fact, of itself, is conclusive evidence of mismanagement in the treatment of the prisoners. No amount of evidence as to the excellence of the men's character, or of the perfection of the discipline, can overcome the inevitable conclusion from such bloody premises, that something must have been wrong in the conducting of the prison. It is very likely that these unfortunate men did the best they knew how, but it is absolutely certain that they did not know how best to do. Such bloody instructions stand for a great deal, and shadow forth a secret history which probably will never be known, but which should have a two-fold face of warning—one turned towards the officials and the other towards the convicts. It is only strange that such tragedies as these do not occur oftener, when we consider the ignorant and bungling hands to which the most delicate machinery the State has to do with is generally intrusted.

I remember *The Tribune* treated of this matter, at the time these homicides were committed, and its philosophy as applied to public punition precisely coincided with my own. The object of penal restraint should be, primarily, the reformation of the offenders, and the whole process should be adapted chiefly to that end. To do this, the men set over penitentiaries and prisons, instead of being such as may have earned a salary by political services to the Governor having the office in his gift, should be men of the highest moral and scientific culture, and of peculiar natural fitnesses for the work; such men, for example, or better if they can be found, as are now sought out to be placed over Institutions for the Blind, the Deaf and Dumb, the Insane and the Idiotic. The class of unfortunates to be subjected to the treatment of the prison-officials is one much more difficult to treat wisely than any of these last, and the average of cures, I have no doubt, would be much greater than among them, if the cases were submitted to competent hands. When this change is effected and the right kind of men entrusted with the responsibility of the places of restraint, then the anomalies and hardships of the present method of apportioning punishment and administering mercy could be done away with. If a man cannot keep his hands off the person or property of another, that fact should be decided by the Judge and Jury. He should then be placed under the proper treatment, and discharged when he was cured—not before and not after. Of course, there would be mistakes and errors, as in all human administrations, but vastly fewer than are now made in the present clumsy mode of managing these things, and absolutely no more than take place in Insane Asylums and other Hospitals and Retreats for persons not fit to be at large. But this is too big a theme to discuss at the end of a letter; but it is the truth, and it will finally prevail.

D. Y.

THE WOLF AGAIN.

THE following note from the Rev. Dr. De Witt, of Harrisburg, explains the circumstances under which the colored swindler, John Wolf, obtained from him a letter of recommendation. The Doctor, it will be seen, has done what he could to expose and defeat the fraudulent operations of Wolf.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Your paper of the 18th inst. was received this morning, and your notice of "John Wolf" read. A Mr. Wolf (I presume the same) was, for many years, employed to teach our public school for colored children, by our school directors. After he had left the school, and while absent from town, Mrs. W. requested me to write a letter for her husband, who wished, she said, to publish a paper for the benefit of the colored people. I did so. What I wrote I cannot now recall. Soon after, I heard unfavorable reports of Mr. W., and I immediately wrote to gentlemen where he was getting subscribers for his paper, withdrawing any recommendation I might have given him. My letters, I presume, were made public. I had not heard of Mr. W. for more than two years before receiving your paper of the 18th inst. I am sorry to learn that he is still endeavoring to deceive the public; and I again withdraw any recommendation I may have given him.

Yours, &c. WM. R. DE WITT.

Harrisburg, June 19, 1858.

MEXICO.—Mr. Forsyth, American Minister in Mexico, is reported to have demanded his passports in a fit of indignation at the efforts of the Mexican government to obtain money from American residents by a forced loan. It is supposed, however, that he took this step knowing that he was about to be recalled, and preferring to seem to come home of his own motion rather than by direction of the President.

UTAH.—The latest advices from the Mormons do not give as strong assurance as could be desired that their intentions are pacific. The President, it is said, is not a little anxious about the state of affairs in that quarter.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION FESTIVAL.

THE undersigned, who have, for so many years, done what they could to promote the ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE, financially and otherwise, through the medium of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, will, as usual, hold their (twenty-fifth) Anniversary at the close of the year, with the same purpose of still further strengthening the beneficial influences of that Society, moral, religious and political, for the extinction of slavery.

At the beginning, before the principles of the cause were understood, we could not, with the slightest hope of success, ask of the public, whose affair it is no less than our own, direct contributions of money. We therefore devised an Annual Bazaar for the sale of contributions of articles; and it afforded an opportunity of great usefulness, both financial and social, to the cause.

But the changed state of the public mind now suggests greater directness in the method and increase in the usefulness of this anniversary; and we propose, this year, to give our usual sums and take up our accustomed collections by direct cash subscription; and we entreat the friends, both at home and abroad, who have been wont to coöperate with us, to do the same, nothing doubting the result will much exceed the sum ($3,000) raised last year.

To our Southern friends we present this prospect with increased hope of their coöperation in consequence. For, as none better than they know what slavery and the daily increasing risks of its tenure are, so none have a deeper concern in seeking the most effectual means of putting an end to this common sin and suffering of our native land.

The money we have annually raised has been hitherto employed to sustain the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society. But, following the recent indication of the Executive Committee, in making individual efforts to place that paper on a self-supporting subscription basis, we shall enable them to devote the result of our *joint* financial effort to sustain eloquent and faithful lecturers, now so much needed, and in far greater numbers than heretofore.

By this plan we may accomplish double the amount of service to our cause, and thus furnish its friends and our own with a two-fold motive to continue and increase their contributions.

No words from us at this late day are needed to stimulate a *prudent* generosity by description of all the means that go to change the mind and the heart of a great nation on the central question of its policy; or to kindle a *sublime* one by commendation of a cause identified with every thought that is ennobling and holy, with every hope that is august and magnificent, with every memory that is precious and sainted, with every idea that is consoling and beautiful, with every effort that is enlightening and beneficent, with every association that history, or poetry, or patriotism, or philanthropy, or Christianity, or life or death, have sanctified and blessed.

We cordially and respectfully invite the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, *the world over*, to meet with us at the close of the year (time and place named hereafter), to receive our subscriptions, our good wishes and our thanks; and to unite with us on an occasion which, as the end of one quarter of a century of labours and the beginning of another, will be of no ordinary commemorative interest and prospective significance to the CAUSE.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,	LYDIA D. PARKER,
MARY MAY,	ELIZA F. EDDY,
LOUISA LORING,	ABBY FRANCIS,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,	SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
L. MARIA CHILD,	ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,	SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,	EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,	ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,	AUGUSTA G. KING,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,	ELIZABETH VON ARMIN,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,	ANNA SHAW GREENE,
CAROLINE WESTON,	ELIZA H. APTHORP,
MARY WILLEY,	MATTIE GRIFFITH,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,	MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
SUSAN C. CABOT,	ANNE LANGDON ALGER.

Summary.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.—Two women were found stripped to the waist and fighting, near Liverpool, with their "fancy men" acting as seconds.

Miss Burdett Coutts has placed at the disposal of the Bishop of Capetown a sum of £500, which the Bishop will apply to the commencement of a fund for the support of a college for the sons of native African chiefs.

An Irishman was about to marry a Southern girl for her property. "Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" said the minister. "Yes, your riverence, and the *nagers* too," said Pat.

GOOD REPLY.—A line in one of Moore's songs reads thus: "Our couch shall be roses bespangled with dew." To which a sensible girl, according to Landor, replied: "'Twould give me the rheumatiz, and so it would you!"

REPUBLICAN TRIUMPHS IN VIRGINIA.—The spring election in Hancock County, Virginia, was closely contested between the Lecompton and Anti-Lecompton forces. The County Clerk elected is a Republican, and his majority was 180. Mr. Buchanan carried the county in 1856 by 150 majority.

WALKER FILIBUSTERING AGAIN.—It is said that Walker, the filibuster, is certainly preparing a third expedition against Nicaragua. His followers in the South make no secret of the matter, and the Administration has received official information of the fact from the headquarters of the movement.

"Will you please permit a lady to occupy this seat?" said a gentleman to another, the other day, in a railroad car. "Is she an advocate of woman's rights?" asked the gentleman who was invited to "vacate." "She is," replied he who was standing. "Well, then, let her take the benefit of her doctrine, and stand up."

PITHY.—Somebody sends to the Louisville *Journal* the following homely simile:

> The joint-snake may be ranked a wonder—
> For, when provoked, it flies asunder;
> But, stranger still, its anger o'er,
> The fragments reunite once more.
>
> So when Democracy is severed
> By foreign blows, or self-delivered,
> The strong, cohesive power of spoil
> Again unites its snaky coil.

WORMLEY, THE DOWNING OF WASHINGTON.—The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. *Tribune*, in speaking of Wormley, the distinguished colored gastronomist of Washington, calls him the very Downing of the metropolis, the cook who has achieved that greatest of glories, which Brillat Savarin embodied in the most brilliant and touching of aphorisms, "The man who discovers a new dish contributes more to the sum of human happiness than the man who discovers a new star."

DUEL IN ROXBURY, MASS.—An anonymous correspondent of the Boston *Herald* alleges that a duel took place early on Monday morning, in Roxbury, between a Southern gentleman and a young law student of Boston. The Southerner was wounded in three places, it is feared dangerously. The Boston boy was only run through the sleeve of his shirt. The Southerner insulted him on Saturday forenoon, and the student challenged him at once. All parties are highly connected.

The colored people of California are discussing the advantages of emigration to Vancouver's Island. The prejudice against them is very strong in that State as it is in some others. Here the colored people form a valuable and respectable part of the community, and we cannot understand how any community, where labor is in demand, can afford to exclude them, or, by denying them their just privileges, to discourage them from settlement.—*Providence Journal.*

WHERE ARE THE MORMONS GOING?—A Washington letter-writer gives currency to the conjecture that the Mormons are taking their way to some convenient place on our Pacific coast, in order, ultimately, to embark for the great and fertile island of New Guinea, or some other locality in the South seas, near the polygamous communities of the East, where they can enjoy their peculiar beliefs and practices unmolested by any other people.

OUR JOSEPHINE.—"Red cheeks are only oxygen in another shape. Girls anxious to wear a pair will find them where the roses do—out of doors."

"Will they, indeed?" remarked Miss Josephine Hoops, as she laid down the number of "The Familiar Friend" containing the extract. "Well, if doing as the roses do will help a lady to color, one might as well never get up at all—for I'm certain sure that the flowers stay in their beds all day. Now, if I'm ever metamorphosed into anything horticultural, I hope it will be into a camelia—they're the only vegetables that ever get a chance to go to the opera—gracious goodness!"

BRIGHT BOY.—Not long since, some ladies, walking in the garden of an eminent divine, who has been classed among the transcendentalists, saw his little boy scraping up the gravel path with an old table spoon. "What are you doing, my little boy?" inquired one of the ladies. "Oh," said the young offshoot of transcendentalism, "I'm digging after the Infinite."—*Evening Post.*

THE PERILS OF PHONOGRAPHY.—Not long since, a member of Congress made a speech, quoting Latin, "*Amicus Socrates, amicus Plato est, sed major veritas*" (Socrates is my friend, Plato is my friend, but truth is much more my friend). This appeared next day in a phonographic report as follows: "I may cuss Socrates, I may cuss Plato, said Major Veritas!"

RETURN AFTER FORTY-SIX YEARS ABSENCE.—The Newburyport *Herald* says that the old residents of that city were not a little surprised on Thursday last by the advent of Mr. Peter Fudge, after an absence of forty-six years. It was supposed that he had long been an inhabitant of the other world. In 1812 Mr. Fudge sailed from Newburyport in a ship belonging to the late Moses Brown, since which time no tidings were had of him until his return. His wife was married twice since his departure, and some years since she died. Mr. Fudge is seventy years of age.

IRON SHEETS THIN AS PAPER.—The Bohemians have devised an ingenious means of rolling iron—necessarily of good quality—into sheets of extreme fineness, so thin, indeed, that some of the sheets have been proposed to be used as a substitute for paper, under certain circumstances. It is no small evidence of the ingenuity of Bohemian artisans to have been the first in rank in this direction, for, though the iron should not be fitted for paper, the uses for such thin sheets are very numerous. The article is now successfully imitated in England and elsewhere.

Dr. Raffles (of Liverpool) has one of the largest and most valuable collections of autographs in the world, and the department of his collection which he most values and preserves with choicest care, in a casket made for the purpose, is an original letter or document from each one of the Signers of the American Declaration of Independence! Such a treasure gathered and garnered by an English gentleman, is doubly interesting.

DRESS REFORM.—The Cortland *Gazette* announces that "the National Dress Reform Association will meet at Reynolds's Hall in Cortland, on the 24th and 25th of the present month, for the purpose of discussing the merits of the reform dress and reforms in general—for elevating the sphere of woman and rendering her capable of walking by the side of man, not only as a companion, but as a help-mate—for casting aside the follies of fashionable life, and of adopting simple yet convenient modes of dress, and for forming habits which will promote health, &c.

CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.—Recently a law has been passed by the Legislature of California, absolutely prohibiting the immigration of Chinese or Mongolians into that State. This statute takes effect on the 1st of October next, and has been printed in the Chinese language for distribution in Asia, in order to prevent future emigration. After the above-mentioned date any persons landing emigrants from China will be punishable with a fine of six hundred dollars, or with imprisonment from three to twelve months, for every emigrant landed.

THE AREA OF FREEDOM.—The area of Kansas is 19,000 square miles greater than that of all New England, New York and New Jersey; and the area of Nebraska is 90,000 miles greater than that of all the non-slaveholding States, except California. Kansas has 130 000 square miles, and Nebraska has 528,000 square miles. Oregon is nearly equal in extent to all New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana. It is possible that New Mexico and Mesilla will be embraced in one territorial organization, containing 288 000 square miles, exceeding all New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. Utah is nearly equal in extent to all New England, New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio. Washington Territory exceeds in extent all New England and New York.

SOUND SENTIMENT.—The *North-Western Christian Advocate* says: "The man who claims the child of the slave-mother as his property, is guilty of a crime involving the very essence of man-stealing. He seizes it, wrests from it its natural right to freedom—a right given by God, and which this nation once declared 'inalienable'—and asserts an ownership founded upon the simple claim of superior power. It is not a simple possession of one before reduced to slavery. It is the *original crime*—the original piracy. It is primary enslaving. 'Why should he be dealt with differently from other sinners?' Ah, brother, be careful lest you dissolve this great Union by such suggestions!"

HOW NOT TO DO IT.—Officers on the steamer Minnesota, sent to Shanghai to strike terror into the hearts of the Chinese, write home that she draws so much water they can't get within fifteen miles of port. All they see of Shanghai is done through the telescope. This illustrates the management of our Navy Department. The perfection of our postal system is apparent in the fact that a boy at work in a shoe shop at Milford recently found in an old mail bag, which the proprietor of the shop had purchased to work into shoes, a letter, which had been mailed at an office in Tennessee, and directed to another place in the same State, and which contained four fifty dollar bills, a twenty, a ten, a five and a three—in all $283.—*Evening Post.*

A NEW CENT PIECE.—We have seen a specimen of a new coin of one cent denomination, just from the mint at Philadelphia. Something of this kind is much needed to take the place of that abominable abortion, the one cent coin of '57. The new cent piece, like the other, is of nickel, and of the same size; it has the head of an Indian girl upon one side, and the words, United States of America, with the date. Upon the reverse is a wreath, surmounted with a shield, with a bunch of arrows entwined at the bottom, and the words one cent in the middle of it. The workmanship, as well as the design, is beautifully executed. We do hope that the Government will adopt it.—*Boston Post.*

THE OLD-FASHIONED TITHINGMAN.—Mr. Edmund Quincy, of Mass., at the Dedham tree-planting, gave a graphic account of the old-time custom of appointing tithingmen in the churches, to be a terror to delinquents, who were consigned to penitence and tribulation on the pulpit stairs. The tithingman, as a badge of his office, carried a long staff, on one end of which was a fox's tail, and on the other a formidable knob, and it was his province, when any of the congregation indulged in somnolence—which they did sometimes, then, though such faults are not known in our day—to walk stealthily along to where the slumberer was sitting, and, if a female, tickle her nose with the fox's tail; and if a male, give him a pretty smart rap on the head with the knob of his official baton. The method was very efficacious in restoring the sleepers to their propriety. No such severity is now needed, the progress of the times having extracted poppies from the sermon and removed the necessity for tithingmen.

THEODORE PARKER IN GERMANY.—Under the head of "Theism in North America," the Augsburg *Allgemine Zeitung*, of June 6 and 7, contains an extended notice of the second edition of Dr. Johannes Ziethen's translation of Theodore Parker's Complete Works. The reviewer considers it a most remarkable circumstance that a country so completely under the sway of materialism and skin-deep, church-going religion, as the United States should have produced so competent an expounder of the system of German philosophy known as the Theistic school, of which Fichte, Ulrici, Troxler, Carriere and other, are the exponents in Germany. The writer even affirms that Mr. Parker has a clearer conception of the system, in its widest scope and ultimate tendencies, than can be claimed for any of its expounders in the country where its doctrines were first developed.

GENERALS WALKER AND HENNINGSEN IN MOBILE.—The Mobile *Register* of the 18th inst. says: The presence of Gen. Walker in our city, fresh from his late trial in New Orleans before the United States Circuit Court, was the occasion of a spontaneous and extemporaneous demonstration of our citizens in compliment to and sympathy with himself, his cause and his trials. Bonfires were kindled in the street in front of his hotel, and a *feu de joie* of pyrotechnics and a band of music, together with the plaudits of an immense concourse of the people, expressed the public enthusiasm in behalf of the illustrious hero of Nicaragua. Gen. Walker responded to this demonstration in an address in his usual earnest, eloquent and felicitous manner, to the course of which he commented with scathing force upon the conduct of Justice Campbell in his late prosecution. Gen. Henningsen, who was also present, responded briefly and happily to a call upon him.

SLAVERY IN TEXAS.—The Galveston *Civilian* scouts the idea that there is danger of a Free Soil feeling growing up in Texas from the alleged preponderance in portions of the State of European emigrants, and the increasing numbers which are coming in. The *Civilian* replies by quoting the statistics of population, showing that in 1850, with the exception of persons of Mexican parents born in Texas, the entire population of foreign birth in the State was only 12,000, or

Miscellaneous Department.

For The Standard.

THE CARELESS WORD.

'Twas but a word, a careless word,
As thistle-down it seemed as light,
It paused a moment on the air,
Then onward winged its flight.

Another lip caught up the word,
And breathed it with a haughty sneer;
It gathered weight as on it sped,
That careless word, in its career.

Then Rumor caught the flying word,
And busy Gossip gave it weight,
Until that little word became
A vehicle of angry hate.

And then that word was winged with fire,
Its mission was a thing of pain,
For soon it fell like lava-drops
Upon a wildly-tortured brain.

And then another page of life
With burning, scalding tears was blurr'd,
A load of care was heavier made,
Its added weight that careless word.

That careless word, O how it scorched
A fainting, bleeding, quivering heart!
'Twas like a hungry fire that searched
Through every tender, vital part.

How wildly throbbed that aching heart!
Deep agony its fountains stirred!
It calmed—but bitter ashes marked
The pathway of that careless word.

FRANCES E. WATKINS.

REMARKABLE PHENOMENA.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: Having been lately much interested in the subject of "Spiritualism," popularly so called, of course all my reading, as well as all my experience, seems naturally to take that especial train of thought which occupies me. So it is with every subject which takes possession of us. Every faculty is stimulated to bring its quota in aid of the examination and the consequent action, till it seems as if help and information started out of every clod and thicket and library shelf.

But I did not mean to moralize; only to send you a few of the fruits of my late researches for your miscellaneous page, which, in the form of testimony, help me to the conclusion that the phenomena of "Spiritualism," however caused, are not the results of trickery and deception.

The celebrated case of WESLEY is cited by "Spiritualists" in proof of one that had knocks and rappings through life; and it is as often met by the assurance that it is no less a proof of fanaticism than of good faith Without allowing the testimony of the great founder of Methodism to be vitiated by such a reply, let us seek a witness of an entirely different character, though probably of a similar constitution.

Such a one we find in Mademoiselle CLAIRON, the great French Tragedian of the eighteenth century, contemporary of Voltaire, Marmontel and the Encyclopedists. Strength of mind, integrity and good sense are the most prominent traits in her character; and she put as much genius and fervor into her labors for the reform of the French stage as ever Wesley did into his for the reform of the Anglican Church.

But I must not be led away by the biographical dæmon from my purpose in "calling up Clairon." The one passage of her life with which I have now to do is briefly this.

A young man, her rejected lover, who took his disappointment much to heart, shortly after died, threatening to haunt her during the remainder of her life. Her own account of the affair is as follows:

"Two years and a half passed between our first acquaintance and his death. He entreated me to assuage by my presence the last moments of his life. My engagements prevented me from complying with his request. He died in the presence of his domestics and an old lady whom he had alone suffered to attend him. He then lodged upon the Rampart, near the Chaussée d' Antin. I lived in the Rue de Bussy, near the Rue de Seine and Abbey of St. Germain. My mother and several of my friends generally supped with me. The suppers of this period, though the company was small, were much more entertaining than the most expensive fetes have been for these forty years past. It was at one of these suppers, and when I had been singing an air with which my friends expressed themselves extremely delighted, that, just as the clock struck eleven, our ears were struck with the most piercing cry I had ever heard. Its long continuance and piteous sound astonished every one. I fainted away, and was near a quarter of an hour insensible. My paleness, the terror which still remained upon me, the tears which flowed in spite of my efforts, and my entreaties that the company would remain with me a part of the night, convinced them I was ignorant of the cause which had produced the noise. We reasoned as to what it could have been the effect of, and determined to set people to watch in the street, in order to ascertain, in case it should be repeated.

"Every one in the house, my friends, my neighbors, the police even, heard the same sort of cry repeated under my windows at the same hour, and appearing to proceed from the air. There was no doubt of its being intended for my hearing in particular; for though I rarely supped from home, yet when I did, the cry was never heard; but often when I was conversing with my mother and my servants upon the subject, it would burst forth in the midst of us. Upon one evening, the President de B., at whose house I had supped, conducted me to my own house. As he was wishing me good night, at my door, the cry alarmed us. He, as well as nearly all Paris, can vouch for the truth of this history. The President was so terrified that he was conducted to his carriage more dead than alive.

"Another time I asked my friend Rosely to accompany me to the Rue St. Honoré, to buy some articles of dress and pay a visit to Mademoiselle de St. P. The only subject of our conversation was the spirit, as he called it. This young man, though he ridiculed my adventure, was struck with the regularity of it. He pressed me to invoke the phantom, and promised to give full belief to it if it answered me. Whether it was owing to my weakness or daring boldness, I know not, but I did as he had required of me. The same cry was uttered three different times, with a degree of rapidity and shrillness terrible beyond expression. When we arrived at our friend's house, we were obliged to have assistance to get out of the coach, where we were found sitting in a state of terror and insensibility.

"After this scene, I remained some months without hearing anything of it. I thought I was quit of it forever, but I deceived myself.

"All the theatrical exhibitions had been ordered to Versailles, on account of the marriage of the Dauphin. We were to repair there in three days; and there were some of the actresses for whom lodgings had not been secured. Among others, Madame Granvalle had none. She remained with me, expecting in vain that one would be procured for her. At three in the morning, I offered to share my chamber with her; it had two beds, one for myself, and another for my servant. She accepted my offer, and I gave her the least of the two, and got into my own. While my servant was undressing to take her place by my side, I said to her, 'We are now almost at the end of the world, and, besides, the weather is unusually tempestuous; the "cry" would be rather embarrassed to find us out here.' It was at that instant uttered. Madame Granvalle thought the room was full of demons. She ran in her chemise from the top to the bottom of the house, and suffered no one to sleep during the remainder of the night. This was the last time I was troubled with that noise.

"Seven or eight days after, while I was enjoying myself in my usual society, the clock struck eleven, and immediately the firing of a gun was heard against one of my windows. We were all sensible of it, we saw the fire, and heard the shot; but, upon examining, the window had received no kind of damage. We concluded that some person had a design on my life; and that, having failed, it was necessary to guard against a similar attempt in future. The intendant went directly to the house of M. de Marville, the lieutenant of police, who was his friend. He came, attended with proper officers, and examined the house opposite mine, but without discovering any ground for suspicion. The following day the street was narrowly watched—the officers of the police had their eyes upon every house, but, notwithstanding all their attention, at the same hour, for three whole months, the same discharge was always heard against the same frame of glass, though no one could ever discover from whence it proceeded. *This fact is attested by all the registers of the police.*

"I became so accustomed to this new trick of the spirit, as I supposed, that had before haunted me that I no longer attended to it; and one evening, at the hour of eleven, when it was extremely warm, I opened the window, and the intendant and myself leaned over the balcony. The instant the clock struck eleven, the gun was discharged, as usual, and we both fell to the floor, apparently lifeless. When we came to ourselves and found we were not hurt, we acknowledged to each other that at the moment the gun was fired we had each of us received a violent slap on the face; and we could scarcely refrain from laughing at the circumstance."

The next day, Mademoiselle Clairon recounts, she passed the place where M. de S. (her rejected suitor) died, and the explosion of a gun was heard, which frightened the coachman so much that he thought he was attacked by robbers, and urged the horses to the place of destination. This was the last of the spiritual salutes, but the visitation was continued at the same hour by a sound like the clapping of hands. All her friends noticed it—none could discover the cause, and they were convinced it must have been something supernatural. It was succeeded by musical manifestations, as if a celestial voice sung the most tender and pathetic airs. The music commenced at the corner of the street, and concluded at the door of Mademoiselle Clarion's house, but, like the previous sounds, it baffled all attempts to discover the cause. All these experiences occupied about two years, and then wholly ceased.

La nuit porte conseil, say the French. I often find here in the United States instances of the wisdom that may come to us through thought and questioning, visions, dreams and sleep. None of these instances have impressed me more by their wisdom than the one I am about to give you. It is not merely a parable or similitude, but an actual vision of sleep, bearing, as you will see, the trace of good faith in every phrase; and I can, besides, authenticate it with the writer's name—JOSHUA WILDER—a man well known in Plymouth County, Massachusetts, and universally respected for his rectitude and uncommon natural endowments put to the best uses. He writes as follows in the Hingham *Journal*:

"I will now notice some of my experience of the more modern phenomena of Spiritualism. Some few years ago, being in company with a medium, the name of Chas. Josselyn was given, whom I had seen once only about 45 years ago. He deceased soon after. He said that he wanted to converse with me, and if I would put questions, he would endeavor to answer them. After receiving many answers to my questions, which were all mentally put, I asked him if our consciousness of duty, if strictly obeyed, would be a sufficient guide for us? Ans.—No. Ques.—Is the advice of one or many persons a sufficient guide? Ans.—No. Ques.—Can we be directed aright in all things by clear and intelligent visions? No. I now put a question that I expected *he* would say yes to. Can we be directed in all things by our highest reason? No. Supposing that this to me unseen intelligence was a devoted Bible man, I asked if the contents of the Bible, if strictly observed by us, would be our sufficient guide? Ans.—No. In this answer I was disappointed. I then asked, can you tell me what further we ought to be governed by, if I put the right question? Ans.—Yes. I could think of none, and said, can you impress my mind with the right question? Ans.—Yes. Can you do it this evening? No. Can you give it to me in a vision to-night? Ans.—Yes. Some time past midnight I awoke—no vision; fell into a very deep sleep; saw what appeared to me a perfect man, perfect in form, size, activity, goodness of heart, coveting nothing of any one, having great comprehension of mind, knew well how to do business, had others connected with him, some near, others further off; he stood on the centre of a round platform raised about a foot from the level of the ground, where his companions stood. I observed that this platform turned with perfect ease, as though it rested its centre on a nice pivot, and that this to me perfectly beautiful, innocent, and ever ready, active person did not move either of his feet as he turned, first, northward, stretching out his arm and pointing, saying to those near and engaged with him, 'There is a circumstance that we must regard in our movements'; turning as quick as thought more easterly, pointing, 'There is another'; and again pointing more southerly, 'There is another'; and again pointing south-west, 'There are others.' I awoke, satisfied that none other than a good angel spirit had given me this vision."

Enough for the present from

YOUR CONSTANT READER.

ANOTHER PITCAIRN'S ISLAND AND JOHN ADAMS.

Correspondence of The Boston Traveller, June 19.

CAPE TOWN, South Africa, March 3, 1858.

To the Editors of The Boston Traveller.

THIS day certain facts came to my knowledge almost as startling as romance, and which can be compared to nothing but the narrative of John Adams and his little colony on Pitcairn's Island in the Pacific.

In the South Atlantic Ocean, in longitude 12 deg. 48 min. west, latitude 37 deg. south, is a group of three small islands, the largest of which is called Tristan d'Achuna, Portuguese words, as the group was discovered by Portuguese navigators. The islands are nearly equi-distant from St. Helena and the Cape of Good Hope, it being 1,500 miles to each and both of them, making with the group a nearly equi-lateral triangle. Only one of them, Tristan d'Achuna, has since been inhabited, and this by a mere handful of human beings, just about equal in number to the Pitcairn colony, between which and this there was another agreeable resemblance in the character of the patriarchal heads of each island. Though inconsiderable in size, its highest peak rises to the elevation of 8 256 feet above the level of the sea. The island is about fifteen miles in circumference, and the coast on the north rises almost perpendicularly 1,000 feet or more. A level then commences, forming a table land, and extending towards the centre of this island, from which the central peak rises to which I have referred, not unlike in appearance to the Peak of Teneriffe, as seen from the sea. This island has been claimed by the English, as all others lying on the great routes of commerce, though without any apparent justice, since they did not discover it, and the inhabitants are Americans, Dutch and Danes, as well as English. In 1851, there were 16 families on the island, numbering 86 members; at one time there were 100. Such was the solitary home of these few and and poor mortals in mid-ocean, their nearest neighbors 1,500 miles distant, cut off from all human sympathy, and almost from all human knowledge, without society, without friends, without schools and books, and without those religious instructions and hopes which sustain the heart in loneliness and sorrow, and make even solitude social, and the desert to bud and blossom as the rose. Besides this, they were always obliged to live on the poorest and most stinted fare, while at times starvation itself stared them in the face, for they had but a few acres bearing grass and admitting of cultivation, whose productions they sold to American whalers who called occasionally for water and small supplies, but whose visits could not be expected much longer, as other whaling grounds were becoming more inviting. Under these actual sufferings, with fears of privation, twenty-five out of the little band of one hundred residents left the island two years since, to seek their fortune in the United States, paying for their passage in a whaleship, with their stock of cattle, sheep, pigs and potatoes.

Those who remained were reduced to hard straits, and the Bishop of Cape Town, Dr. G. Gray, hearing of their condition, last year made a visit to the island in a British man-of-war, to ascertain their state from his personal observation, and persuade them, if he judged it best, to leave the desolate island for the Cape, where laborers were much needed, and they could not fail of immediate employment and supplies. The object could not be accomplished then, but a few days since the Bishop left the Cape again on his benevolent mission, and long before this reaches you, nothing unexpected preventing, all of these lonely inhabitants of the mid-ocean rock will have become inhabitants of the Cape.

The Bishop found that the only habitable plot upon this small mountain island was a plain or shelf of land formed from the debris of the overhanging cliffs, a plain about four miles long and from half a mile to a mile wide. The soil is poor, and has been nearly worn out by cultivation without manuring. There is a good growth of grass, but no hay is made, or not enough to make any considerable quantity of manure. The islanders raised some potatoes and other vegetables, and have an abundance of the purest water. Besides this, they had among themselves, numbering 75 souls, 200 head of cattle, 300 sheep, 100 pigs and 500 fowls and ducks, all worth from $5,000 to $6,000.

This island, like all others near the coast of Africa, on the eastern side of the Atlantic, is of volcanic origin, and covered with lava. I have heretofore remarked that its highest peak is more than 8,200 feet above the level of the sea, and at the very summit, as the Bishop affirms, there is a small lake in the crater of an extinct volcano. There is only one kind of tree on the island, and a small variety of flowers. A stunted tree-fern is quite abundant; also several varieties of ferns and heaths, together with a geranium bearing a very small flower, a plant of which the islanders make tea, and which they prefer to that of the Chinese plant, a long grass with which they thatch their houses, the sorrel plant, and a few others. There are no animals except what have been brought to the island, and the thrush and partridge are the only land birds. The albatross, the Cape hen, and other sea-birds, are, however, numerous, but worthless

There is no bay, and the landing with a north wind is difficult, if not dangerous. Among the islanders the Bishop found two old sailors, one 73 and the other 81 years old, who said they had served in the same ship with Lord Nelson in all his battles, and who were unwilling to move to the Cape on account of their age. Still, if the others removed, it would be impossible for them to remain, since they could hardly maintain themselves, without the boat they kept, and yet there would not be hands enough left to man it. Besides, they have large families of grown-up daughters, who can do but little here except cultivate the ground. Naturally, they were anxious to leave. The grown-up sons of nearly all the families had generally betaken themselves to the sea for support, leaving a female population considerable larger than the male. The men are English, American, Dutch and Danes, whose wives have come, for the most part, from the island of St. Helena, whose children the Bishop represents as fine, healthy, active and modest young men and women. The houses are, for the most part, about equal to a common laborer's cottage in England, being built of stone, and thatched with long grass, very naturally. The furniture was not remarkable for extra quality or quantity.

The most remarkable member of this little community, its real patriarch and John Adams, was a man of the name of Taylor, whose Christian name is not given, though both should be written in letters of gold, and be handed down through all history. He had lived in London, if he was not born there, and had heard the Bishop preach there. Apprised of the Bishop's approach, he and a party of his islanders went to the beach to welcome Dr. Gray as he and his companions landed. He at once recognized the Bishop, and was overjoyed to find that the reports which had come to the island respecting the Bishop's visit and object were true. The Bishop was at once taken to Mr. Taylor's humble abode, a small stone building, which had been his sleeping chamber, his schoolroom and his chapel. Since the reduction of the population by the emigration of twenty-five to the United States, he has had a sleeping room in another house, and, it being superbly furnished with a small bed and a chair, Mr. Taylor insisted that it should be occupied by his Grace the Lord Bishop, while the captain of the ship-of-war, another officer, and the boat's crew, stretched their bodies upon the benches in the school-room and chapel. It seems that this good man, moved by a pious and benevolent heart, years ago came to this desolate island for the purpose of teaching the little community the common branches of education and religion, acting at the same time the schoolmaster and the missionary. Most of the children had been under the instruction of Mr. Taylor, of whom the greater part could read fairly, write neatly, and perform the common operations in arithmetic. He kept school a part of every day, and a night school twice a week for the benefit of the older children who had left the school. The children were very shy, and when the Bishop went in to examine the school it was difficult to get them to speak. Mr. Taylor had been supported by a small sum contributed by some generous individual of the Cape, which was nearly exhausted. Still he was intending to hold out to the last, if the people did not emigrate, receiving his entire support from them, who were to furnish him with food and wait upon him, and present him at the beginning of the year with the sum of $60, to provide him with clothes. Still he was content and happy, even in this cheerless spot of earth, cut off to a great extent from society, and from communication with the rest of the world, while at the same time he had a lively temperament, and greatly enjoyed society and intelligent conversation. He had also instructed both the children and the parents in religion, making his schoolroom a house of God, and to some, it is believed, it became the gate of Heaven. The Bishop preached every evening except one while he was there, above fifty individuals attending, all of whom had a Bible and a Prayer Book, which had been supplied by an English society, and when prayer was offered all devoutly knelt; and besides, they were able to chant the Psalms and Canticles. Throughout the year Mr. Taylor had prayer according to the Episcopal form every morning and evening. The evening the bishop did not preach, Mr. Taylor took his place, addressing his people in an earnest, affectionate manner, which even the Bishop could not but admire. As far as the Bishop could judge, religious exercises—and he would hope true religion also—occupied a higher place in the minds of these simple people, and made more of a real business of life with them, than with almost any other community he had ever known; and so far as he could form an opinion, this devoted, self-denying man, who had given up so much to serve his master in the persons of these his members, has been very largely blessed in drawing souls to the worship of their God and the knowledge of their Lord and Savior, of whom more or less will have occasion to praise God to all eternity that this humble servant of His was prompted to come to this solitary island.

Having made his plans for removing these out-of-the-world people to the Cape, the Bishop left them with the assurance of a speedy return, and before this they are moving amid the busy population of Cape Town, mingling again in intelligent and cultivated society, attending the schools, and listening once more to the sound of church-going bells, which had almost passed from their memories.

"O solitude! what are thy charms," when even such rugged natures sigh to quit it? W.

For The Standard.

DREAMING.

Written at Whitefield, on the John's River, June, 1857.

THE mountain stream flowed softly on,
Telling its endless mystic tale
Of time to come, of time long gone,
While its sweet music filled the vale.

I felt the mountain's gentle sway—
My thoughts ran onward with the stream;
I dreamed one blessed hour away:
He does not live who does not dream.

I dreamt of everlasting youth,
Of holy love that cannot die,
Of perfect justice, goodness, truth—
A dream of immortality.

"And *are* these dreams?" this spirit sighs;
"And is this all a passing show?"
"Dream on, dream on," a voice replies,
"For faith and love have answered, No."

E. L. F.

*THE TRAINING OF BEASTS IN ANCIENT ROME.**

THE art of taming and training wild beasts was never practised on a grander scale than during the latter period of Roman antiquity. Very justly has Goethe represented "delight in the wonderful, the incredible, and the monstrous," as the most striking peculiarity of the later Romans. In fact it may be said, that among these degenerate descendants of the world-conquerors, throughout a constant succession of the most powerful excitements, so effeminate a relaxation had crept in that only one thing could give them interest—namely, the accomplishment of the impossible. Theatres that turned round upon pivots with all the audience, buildings in the sea, dishes composed of rarities from all quarters of the globe, are some of the fruits of this tendency, which ignored the limits of space and time, and regarded the laws of nature with scorn.

It was not enough that the rarest, fiercest and most beautiful beasts were gathered together in Rome from the ends of the earth, they were also compelled to lay aside their instinctive impulses, and be obedient to what was most repugnant to their nature. The art of taming wild beasts was, at first, connected with the exhibitions of the ampitheatre and the circus; but to avoid wearying the public by successive repetitions of bloody contests between men and animals, recourse was had to games in which naturally tame beasts were exhibited along with others that had been tamed by art. In consequence of the great number of amphitheatrical displays, the labor of taming and training gave employment to multitudes of men. In an astrological poem of the early imperial date, where the constellations which predestine men to their several callings are given, there is found the horoscope of those who "tame the tiger, soften the rage of the lion, converse with elephants, and render these unwieldy masses fit for human arts and duties." In another poem of the fourth century of our era, the horoscope is represented of those who "make bears, bulls, and lions fit for intercourse with men." The whole imperial era, in fact, seems to have abounded in these tamers (*mansuetarii*).

Pliny observes that the smallest and most timid of beasts and birds, such as the swallow and the mouse, were altogether intractable; while the largest and fiercest, as the elephant and lion, were easy to tame. The ancient Indians had already very successfully tutored the elephant; but in Rome the discipline was carried to a much greater length. We quote Pliny's own words: "In a play given by Germanicus, the elephants brought their clumsy evolutions into the shape of a dance. Sometimes they used to brandish their weapons in the air, to fight one another like gladiators, and to riot in a wanton dance. Later, they practised on the rope, on which four of them carried another in a litter, which was supposed to represent a woman in childbed, and whom they let down so gently upon the sofas of a guest table that they disturbed none of its occupants. It is told of an elephant that was slow at learning, and which had often been beaten on that account, that it was watched in the night, and found practising its lesson by itself. The huge animals mounted the tight ropes with the greatest agility, and what is even more remarkable, descended them with equal ease. Mucianus mentions an elephant that had learned to write Greek, and to its performances used to add: 'I have written this with my own hand,' &c."

* Translated from the German.

The taming of lions, also, had already been prosecuted to a great extent in ancient Greece and in Africa. The Indian lion, according to the Greek naturalist, was particularly easy to train when young. The Carthaginian Hanno is said to have been the first who went about attended by a tame lion. Berenice, the Egyptian queen, had a favorite lion that ate at her table and used to lick her cheeks. Marc Antony rode about Rome in a chariot in which two lions were yoked. Domitian had a lion that was taught to carry the game in hunting, who let himself be chased by hares, and into whose throat one might thrust his hand with impunity. This prodigy was the subject of several poems. Martial counsels the hare to take refuge from the pursuit of the hounds in the jaws of the lion, and asks which was the greater miracle, that the eagle of Jupiter had not hurt Ganymede, or that the emperor's lion had not injured the imprisoned hare? This wonderful lion, however, was torn in pieces by another beast that broke out from its cage in the arena; but he had the consolation, as Statius says, of being mourned by both the people and the senate, and that the emperor took his loss worse than that of ever so many Egyptian, African or German beasts. Heliogabalus used sometimes, for a joke, to terrify his guests by bringing his tame lions suddenly into the dining-room. Even tigers were sometimes so far subdued as to lick their keepers' hands and faces. Leopards were easily reduced to submit to the rein of the charioteer.

Another triumph of this training was the inuring of land-animals to the water. Among the splendid exhibitions to which Titus owed no small amount of his popularity was the arena under water, where horses, oxen and other animals were collected, and taught to go through the duties to which they were accustomed on the dry land. The story of oxen being in the habit of carrying women may probably have suggested the mode in which the abduction of Europa was accomplished. Oxen in general were very tractable; they learned to stand upon their hind-feet, and would allow jongleurs to perform their tricks on their backs, and were even skilled in playing the part of drivers in chariots at full speed.

Tamed beasts frequently served both to raise the splendor of mythological tableaux and ballets and to enhance the comic displays at masquerades. Carnivals of the same kind were often held at the festivals of the gods. Apuleius describes a procession at a festival of Isis: there was a tame she-bear clothed as a woman, borne on a chair; an ape, in the costume of Ganymede, with a Phrygian cap and saffron-colored mantle, presented a golden cup; an infirm old man, travelling with a winged ass, parodied Bellerophon with Pegasus. It may be supposed that, in such parodied representations, apes were the best adapted, and the favorites; and several monuments indicate this to have been the case. In these, apes are represented as being trained, sometimes under fear of the whip, at others by caresses; some with the head-gear and castanets of dancers, or in the long robe of the *citharœdi* with the lyre, or as flute-blowers, or driving chariots with whip and reins, or as soldiers, &c., are mentioned by historians, and are to be seen in pictures. The most interesting of these is a wall-painting in Pompeii, where the deliverance of Anchises and Ascanius from the burning of Troy by Æneas is represented by apes. These works, fortunately preserved, prove that the ape-comedy was zealously cultivated in ancient Rome. Also, as domestic animals, trained apes were in great request, especially for the amusement of children: an ape of clay has been found in a child's grave, evidently a plaything.

The comedy of the dogs flourished no less than that of the apes. We have the description of a play in which a dog acted the chief part, which was performed with great applause in the presence of the Emperor Vespasian, in the theatre of Marcellus at Rome. The four-footed actor showed the greatest self-possession, when, in the course of the representation, some drink was given to him which purported to be poison, but which was really only a sleeping draught. "After he had swallowed the draught," says the narrator, "he began to tremble, to reel, and to become unconscious; at length he stretched himself out, as if dying, lay as really dead, and allowed himself to be pulled and dragged about as the plot of the drama required. But as soon as the signal was given, he began to move gently, as though awaking out of a deep sleep, lifted his head, and looked round; and while the spectators were expressing their admiration, he went up to the person to whom, according to the fiction of the play, he belonged, and showed so much delight and fondness, by wagging his tail, as to excite universal astonishment."

The boudoirs of fashionable Roman ladies were, it is well known, furnished with tame birds. Who does not remember the sparrow of Lesbia, which Catullus has made immortal?

How much tame doves were in request may be judged of by the fact that, towards the close of the republic, a celebrated breeder sold a single pair for 400 denarii, or about £14. Still higher prices were paid for speaking and singing birds; of the latter, the nightingale deservedly fetched the highest price. Pliny says they cost as much as slaves, and even more than armor-bearers in old times.

Music was played near the nightingales that were under training, which they used to answer and imitate. Of the talking birds, the parrot naturally held the highest place. The ancients maintained that the head of this bird was unusually hard; on which account he had to be beaten thereon with an iron rod, when he was under instruction, else he would not feel his chastisement. Next to beating, starving was the best mode of enforcing obedience. It is without doubt not owing to mere chance that speaking-parrots are scarcely ever mentioned by writers and poets of the imperial era without the observation that they had learned to salute the emperor with the "Ave, Cæsar." Probably it was dangerous, if a bird, which could speak at all, was not able to bear witness to the loyal disposition of its owner; at any rate, sins of omission of that kind led to accusations and trials at law. Two elegies on the deaths of parrots have come down to us; one by Statius upon the death of his friend Melior's favorite bird, which was so domesticated that it used to hop about at table among his guests, and eat out of their hands. Its cage was made of splendid tortoise-shell, the bars were silver and ivory, and the doors also silver. The remaining elegy by Ovid is on the parrot of his Corinna, and is a very feeble and servile imitation of Catullus's poem on Lesbia's sparrow.

"Less famous than the parrot," says Pliny, "is the magpie, because it does not come from so great a distance; it speaks, however, much more distinctly. These birds get used to the words they are taught, and not only retain them, but become very fond of them, and frequently practice them by themselves. It is a fact that magpies have died in the vain attempt to utter a hard word. If the same word be not often repeated to them, it slips their memory; they then strive to recall it, and exhibit remarkable delight as soon as they hear it again."

A story of a remarkable magpie is told in Plutarch's treatise on the cleverness of animals. A barber in Rome had a bird which not only imitated human speech, but the noises of beasts and the tones of instruments, all spontaneously. One day, a great funeral procession happened to pass the barber's shop, and stopped immediately against it, upon which the accompanying trumpeters blew a long tune on their instruments. From this moment the magpie became dumb, and uttered no cry even even to make its wants known. The whole neighborhood became excited, and various surmises were circulated on the occurrence; some said the bird had been robbed of his voice by witchcraft, while the more knowing ascribed the calamity to a sudden deafness produced by the blowing of the trumpets. After a time, however, he recovered his voice, but did not exercise it in his former tricks, but sang the whole trumpet-piece from beginning to end. From this it was evident that his former silence arose from the pains he took to learn the melody.

The Empress Agrippina, who was a great fancier of birds, had a thrush which could imitate the human voice: the first instance of the kind, according to Pliny. Pliny adds that, at the time of his writing, the imperial princes had a starling which could speak Greek and Latin words; nightingales also, which had learned the same, added daily to their knowledge, and could even speak good long sentences. These were taught in a separate room, where they heard no other sound than the voice of the trainer, who was constantly repeating the same words to them, and rewarded their proficiency with some favorite delicacy.

It is well known, also, that there were speaking-ravens, as this bird, in consequence of his human speech, had in the remotest antiquity acquired the honor of being regarded as the envoy of the god Apollo. In the time of Tiberius, there was a raven's nest on the temple of Castor, and from this a young raven flew into a neighboring shoe-shop, the owner of which received him kindly, and taught him to speak. After a time, he used every morning to fly to the forum, to accost and greet Tiberius, and after him Germanicus and Drusus, and then the whole Roman people, after which he would fly back to the shop. This he continued to do for several years, and excited the admiration of all Rome. The owner of a neighboring shop, through envy, killed the bird, which so roused the fury of the people that the murderer was obliged to leave his quarters, and was afterwards put to death. The raven was buried with the most solemn pomp. Two Moors carried him on a bier; a flute-player went at the head of the procession; crowns in abundance decorated the body; and thus was he borne to a cemetery in the Appian Way, where he was burned and buried. This took place on the 27th March A. D. 35. Pliny also knew a Roman knight who possessed a remarkably black crow from Spain which spoke several words very distinctly.

Besides the birds that were trained to speak, but little mention is made of others that distinguished themselves by their docility and cleverness. Pliny mentions only that goldfinches learn to execute with their feet and bill what they were ordered; and that tamed cranes were very amusing, and went through a kind of dance. In the plays of Titus, cranes were exhibited which fought each other.

Fishes in basins used, at the sound of a bell or rattle, to come to the edge to receive food from their owners' hands, a sight very often seen at the mansions of distinguished Romans: it is even maintained that some fishes recognized the names that were given them.

In these accounts, there may no doubt be something due to the score of exaggeration and embellishment, but by far the greater part rests on the evidence of unimpeachable eye-witnesses. If it be further remembered that we have only isolated and chance-preserved communications on the subject, we shall be led to confess that the beast-training of to-day cannot even remotely be compared with that of ancient times.—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE SWAN-SONG OF PARSON AVERY.
1635.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

WHEN the reaper's task was ended, and the summer wearing late,
Parson Avery sailed from Newbury with his wife and children eight,
Dropping down the river harbor in the shallop Watch and Wait.

Pleasantly lay the clearings in the mellow summer-morn,
And the newly-planted orchards dropping their fruits first-born,
And the homesteads like brown islands amidst a sea of corn.

Broad meadows reaching seaward the tided creeks between,
And hills rolled, wave-like, inland, with oaks and walnuts green:
A fairer home, a goodlier land, his eye had never seen.

Yet away sailed Parson Avery, away where duty led,
And the voice of God seemed calling, to break the living bread
To the souls of fishers starving on the rocks of Marblehead!

All day they sailed: at nightfall the pleasant land-breeze died,
The blackening sky at midnight its starry lights denied,
And, far and low, the thunder of tempest propheséed.

Blotted out was all the coast-line, gone were rock and wood and sand;
Grimly anxious stood the helmsman with the tiller in his hand,
And questioned of the darkness what was sea and what was land.

And the preacher heard his dear ones, nestled round him, weeping sore:
"Never heed, my little children! Christ is walking on before
To the pleasant land of Heaven, where the sea shall be no more!"

All at once the great cloud parted, like a curtain drawn aside,
To let down the torch of lightning on the terror far and wide;
And the thunder and the whirlwind together smote the tide.

There was wailing in the shallop, woman's wail and man's despair,
A crash of breaking timbers on the rocks so sharp and bare,
And through it all the murmur of Father Avery's prayer.

From the struggle in the darkness with the wild waves and the blast,
On a rock, where every billow broke above him as it passed,
Alone of all his household the man of God was cast.

There a comrade heard him praying in the pause of wave and wind:
"All my own have gone before me, and I linger just behind;
Not for life I ask, but only for the rest thy ransomed find!

"In this night of death I challenge the promise of thy Word!
Let me see the great salvation of which mine ears have heard!
Let me pass from hence forgiven, through the grace of Christ our Lord!

"In the baptism of these waters wash white my every sin,
And let me follow up to Thee my household and my kin!
Open the sea-gate of thy Heaven and let me enter in!"

The ear of God was open to his servant's last request;
As the strong wave swept him downward the sweet prayer upward pressed,
And the soul of Father Avery went with it to his rest.

There was wailing on the mainland from the rocks of Marblehead,
In the stricken church of Newbury the notes for prayer were read,
And long by board and hearthstone the living mourned the dead.

And still the fishers out-bound, or scudding from the squall,
With grave and reverent faces the ancient tale recall,
When they see the white waves breaking on the "Rock of Avery's Fall!"

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

From The London Times Correspondent.

NAPLES, June 5.

LOOKING towards the mountain from Naples, nothing can be grander than the spectacle which it presents. I am standing in Santa Lucia, which is crowded by eager and curious spectators, who seem to be hushed by the awfully grand appearance of the mountain—they are almost silent, a wonder for Neapolitans, except when from some spot the fire flashes with greater brilliancy, then there is a shout. Vesuvius is, in fact, girdled with fire—that is, as far as the eye can see, from the Fossi di Favame on the north to the Fosso Grande on the south. The rest of the mountain I inspected yesterday, and the sides exhibited no signs of activity. Supposing the girdle to be carried all round, one might speculate on consequences which would be fatal to the existence of one-half of the greatest objects of interest in the neighborhood of Naples. There is, however, one point in the north east where the lava has gushed forth, and, flowing down towards Ottajano, had destroyed a portion of the property of the Prince so called. From the top of the cone there are given few or no signs of activity—an occasional flame, or a few sparks, and nothing more, for the fire is drawn off from the chain of mouths which half surround the mountain. On Tuesday, after sending off my letters, the lava, passing beyond the Fosso Grande, divided into two branches, one of which advanced slowly on the road leading to the Observatory, thus preventing the further advance of carriages. Until 2 o'clock p. m., it remained quiet, when, deriving fresh matter from above, it was again in motion. The other branch, continuing its course, entered on the grounds of a priest, who has a villa in that direction. The old road to the Hermitage had been cut off the day before by the stream which is flowing down towards the South, and which is much more dangerous than that which descends from the North. Early in the week it had destroyed the property of several small proprietors, and was threatening much more. The great incident of the week has been, however, the falling in of the upper part of the mountain, to the depth, perhaps, of 500 palms. This has been occasioned probably by the mouths which have been opened in the direction of Caposecchi, on the property of Ottajano. Vesuvius is perforated by them; and were the circle to be completed, it is not improbable that a great change would take place in its form. Altogether seven main openings are spoken of as vomiting forth fire, the minor orifices are unnumbered, and the two great streams which now threaten most are the one that is flowing down the Fosso di Favame in a northerly direction, on the old lava of 1855, and the other which is coming down towards Resine, and has cut off the new road to the Hermitage. "I was up in the mountain," said Cozzolina, "with a party of French when the crater fell in. They were much frightened, as well they might be. It seemed to be cut in two, and then, swaying backwards and forwards, the walls fell in, leaving a fragment standing upright. The loss of property has been very great, and the shrieks of some of the people went up to Heaven. I saved one woman, who had lost all, from throwing herself into the lava. I grasped her by the arm, and carried her off." The various currents of lava at their mouths appear like cascades of fire, and of these there are six near the Fosso di Favame. Nothing can be more beautiful. There is a pumping and a puffing, and an occasional roaring, and then up comes the abundant liquid, which, falling over the lower ground like a cascade, rushes forward to feed the main flood. To wander about, however, as on former occasions, is now impossible, and in my description I am confined almost to generalities. As to the interest which is taken in this wonderful scene, it increases from day to day, and the crowds which go up by night remind one—if I may assume the license of an Irishman without being one—of the Derby day. Every kind of vehicle is in use, and every one in Resina is transformed into a cicerone. It is dangerous almost to get out of the train at Portici; no other object on earth, it is supposed, could bring you there but to see Vesuvius, and you are laid hold of and hurried off without your consent by a half a dozen self-baptized guides. Nothing, I think, is so calculated to strike the visitor with surprise as the comparative carelessness of danger with which the fire is regarded by the inhabitants of the neighborhood; to them it is a source of profit—the occasion of a *fête*, and not the slightest interruption takes place in the ordinary occupations of life. When I was there, a religious procession filled the streets in honor of the *fête* of Corpus Christi. There was the usual tawdry of gold leaf and red, yellow, and blue muslin displayed on all sides, and the devout were kneeling before the Corpus Christi, while at last an hour's distance was coming down the fiery stream, and the great mountain reared up its gigantic form adorned with a splendor which put to shame the tawdry below. From the backs of their houses the people could see the vines and trees blazing and houses surrounded by lava, and almost smell the smoke as the wind bore it down upon them. Still they bought and sold, and, like babies, trifled with baubles and called them the externals of a religion which had for its object the Great Being who was showing forth His mighty power so near.

"On the day before yesterday," says the official journal of the 4th inst., "the lava of Vesuvius appeared to slacken, but after a little, the eruption of the craters already described increasing, it resumed its ruinous activity. The stream flowing from the Piano della Ginestra continued to descend, destroying a lately planted vineyard and surrounding a house. It then covered the new road which leads to the Observatory for full 300 paces. The lava of Vetrana, which had passed into the Fosso di Favame, directed its course on Cercola and San Giorgio, passing through San Sebastiano. The stream of the Fosso Grande, which measures 580 palms in front, on the same night advanced 10 palms in eight minutes, and, later, quickened its pace."

Last night, June 4, the spectacle was very grand in the direction of the north. From Naples one sees the arched form of the cascade, and it increases in intensity and magnificence.

From another Correspondent.

NAPLES, June.

The eruption continues with unabated energy. Since its commencement not less than seven new craters have been opened. The four great streams of lava, mentioned in my former letters, continue to be fed by these mouths, and to descend the slopes of the mountain, varying their course more or less, according to the direction of the ravines they encounter. The progress of the two northern streams, which are fed by five craters, is slow, but continuous. One of these is directed towards the ravine called the Fosso della Vetrana, and the